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Vol. 14 No. 11 75p

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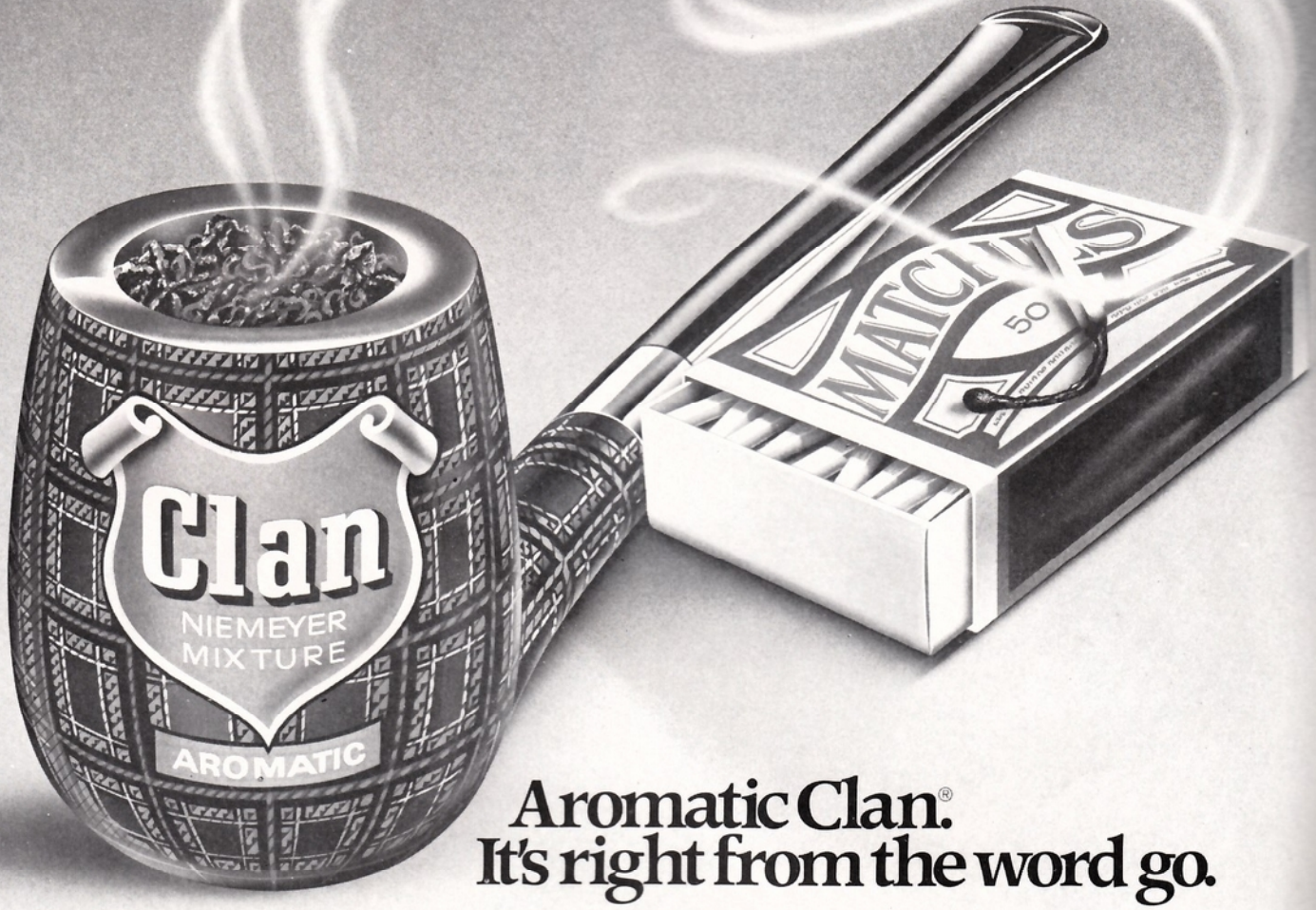

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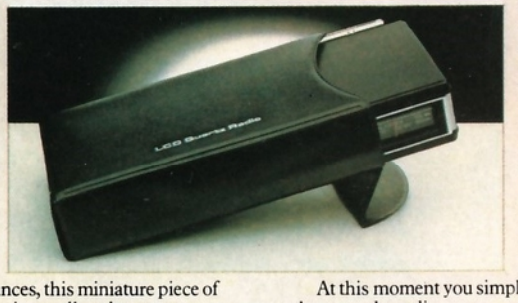

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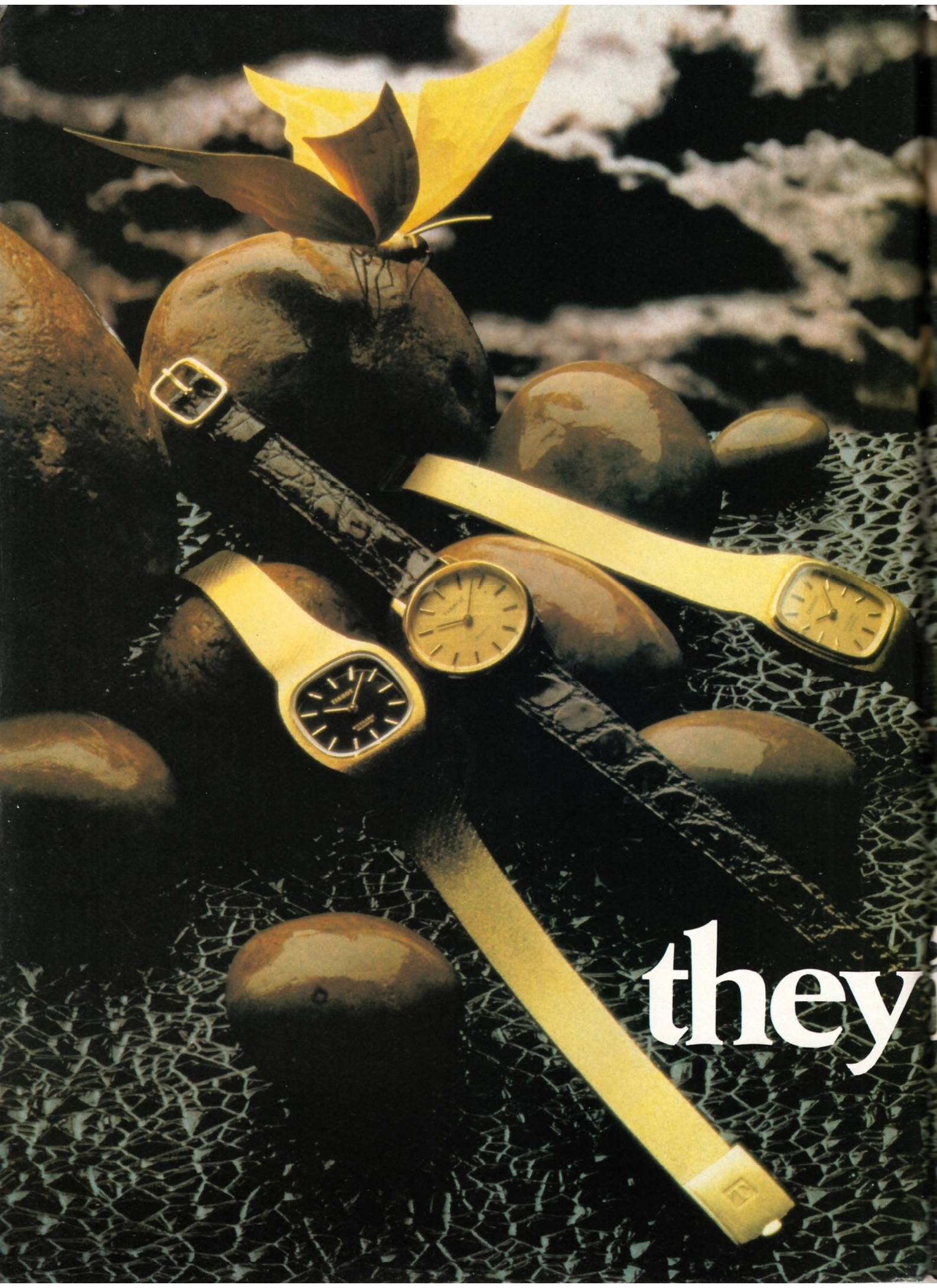
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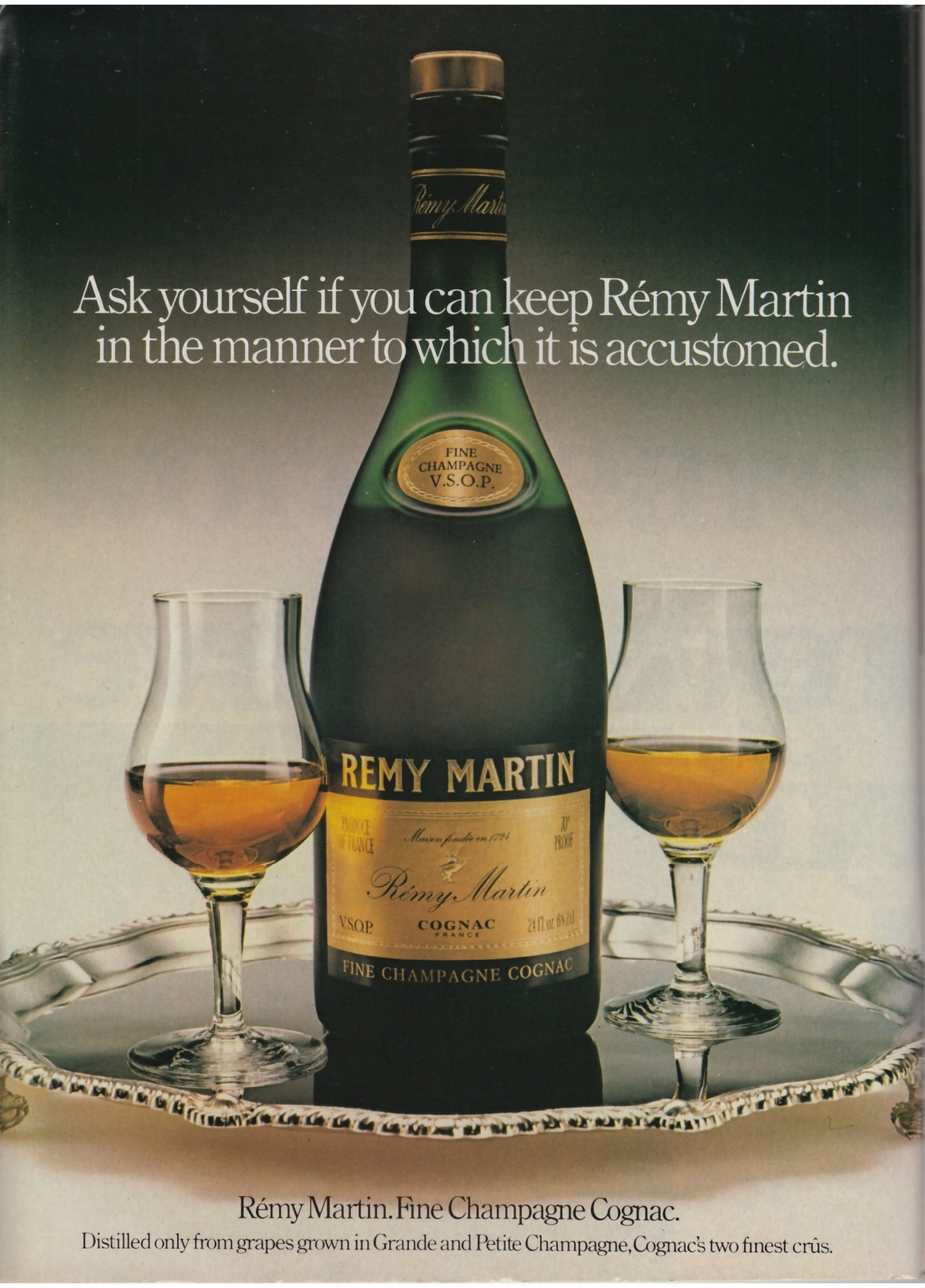

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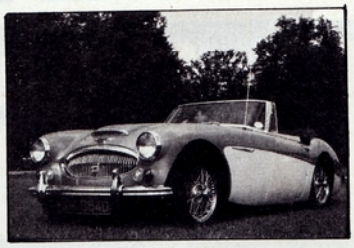

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Vol. 14 No.11 ABC net paid circulation 445,992

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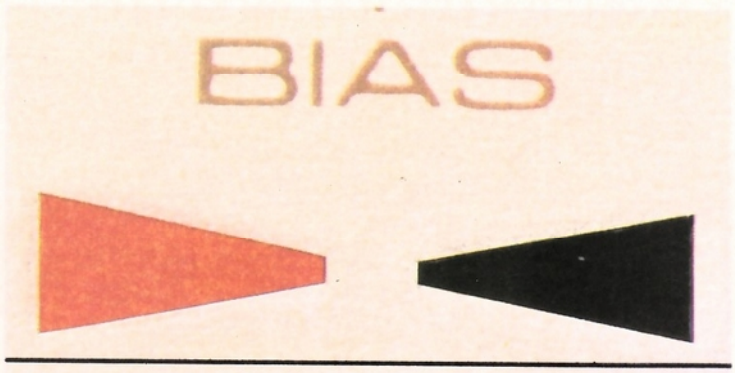

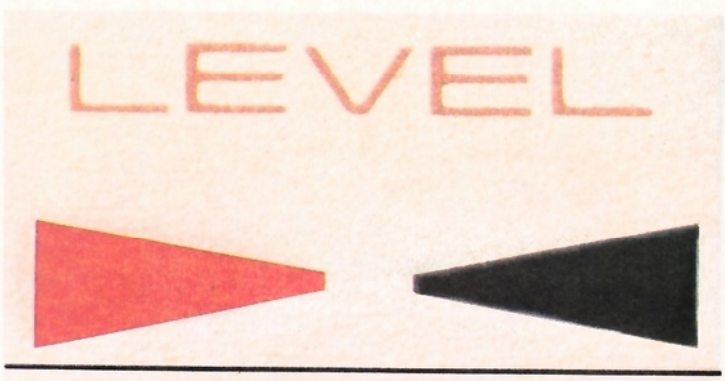

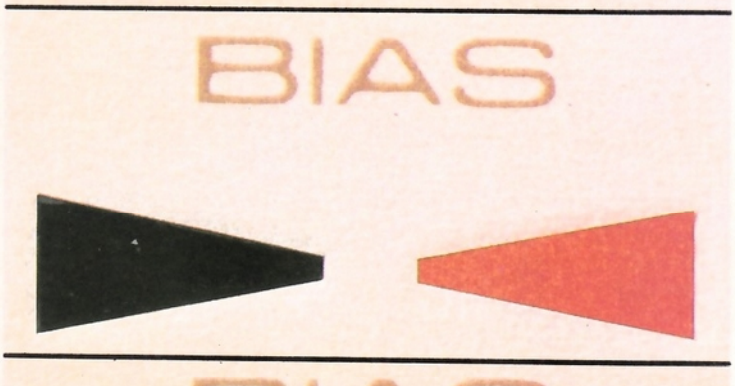

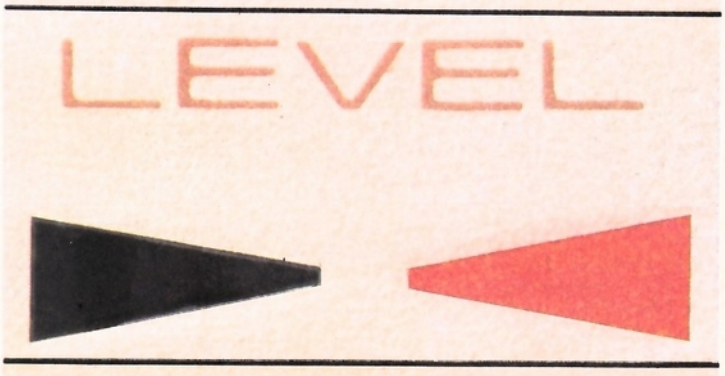

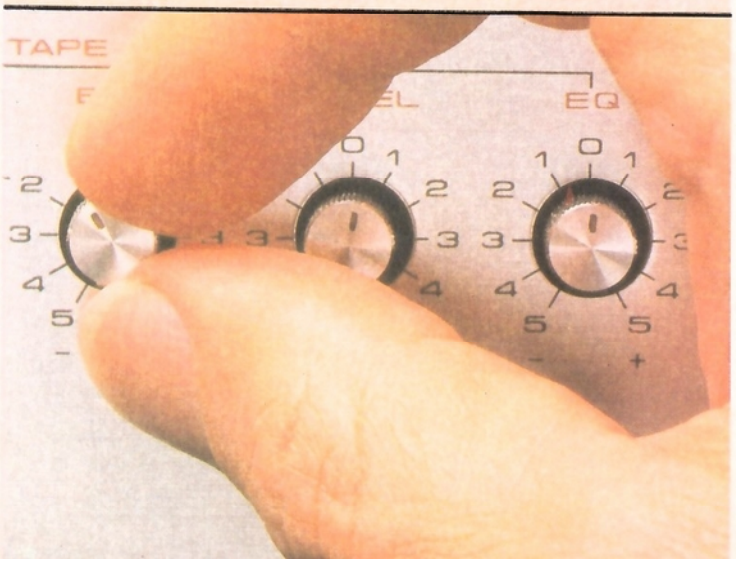

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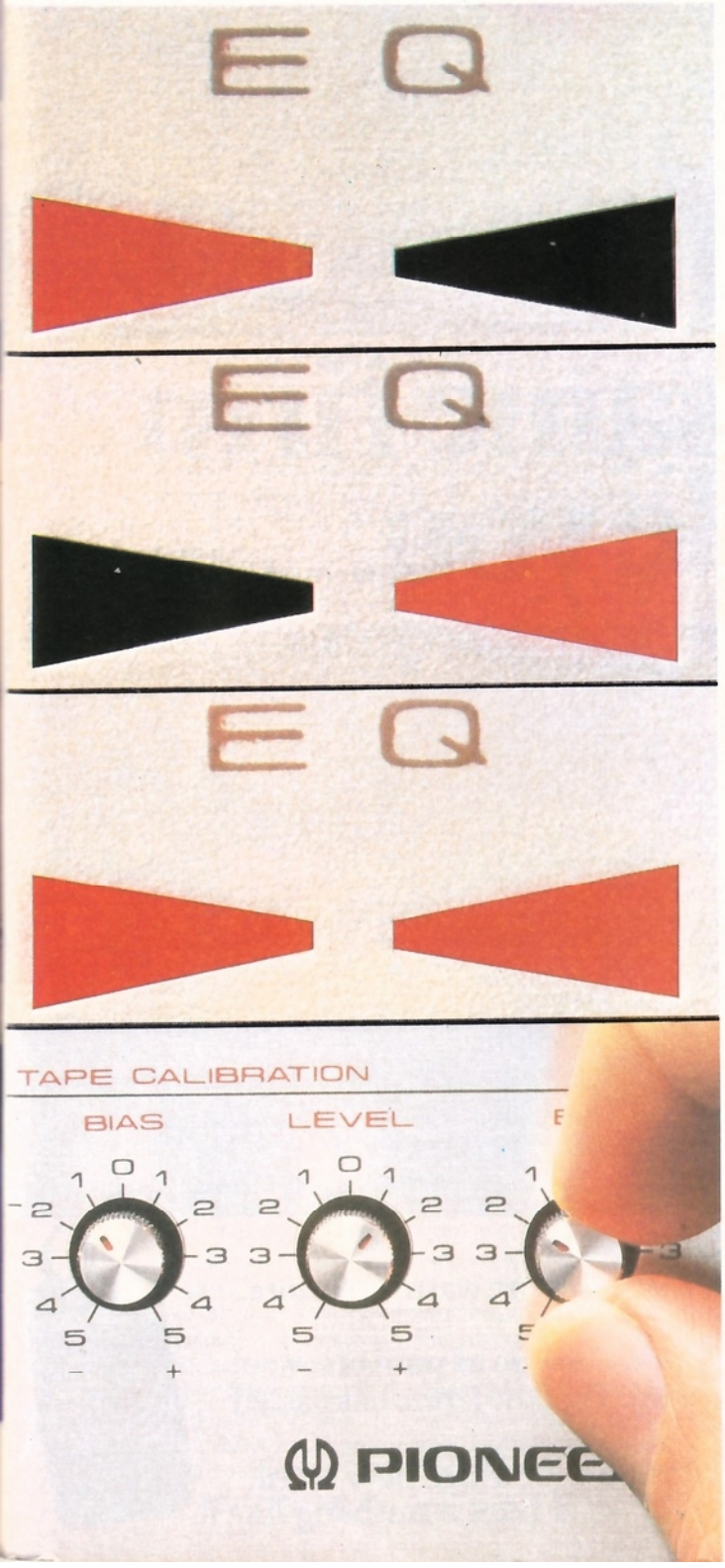

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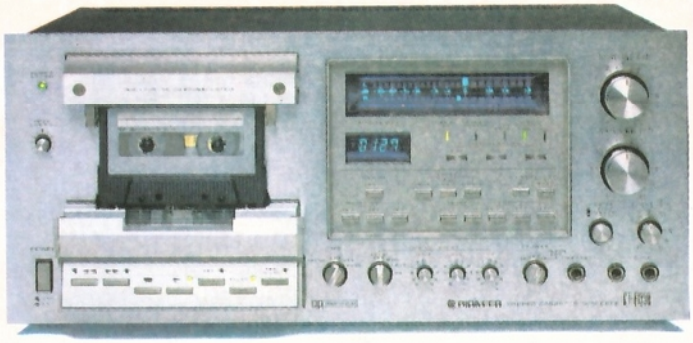

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And that the clothes you're buying have already had one comfortable, warm, totally satisfied owner: a sheep.

Pure new wool.
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SCENE

Mayfair is Britain's top-selling men's magazine – and that's official. Figures released by the ABC, a totally independent body, show that our average circulation for the period from January to June was 445,992 – 241,170 at home and 204,822 abroad. Our nearest rival in the field, Men Only, scored sales of 374,560 – home sales of 214,974 and foreign ones of 159,586.

So there is no shadow of doubt that *Mayfair* sells more copies than any other men's magazine in Britain. But of course our two million readers don't need figures to tell them that *Mayfair* gives them the best in everything.

Count Zichy was one of the international playboys of Europe during the heady years leading up to World War Two. Born in Britain but inheriting his title from an East European aristocratic line, Zichy devoted his life to blondes, flying and drinking which led him to many exciting adventures. We are proud to feature one of the Count's memorable exploits this month, told in his own inimitable style. Those glamorous days may be long gone, never to return, but it is interesting to note that people were just as permissive in those days.

This month we are introducing a great new offer for all our readers who like puzzling over pictures of pretty girls: the *Mayfair* jigsaw.

These jigsaws, available now for the first time, are top quality and hand-cut in wood. The two girls, Lesley and Lynda, have been chosen for our pretty puzzles as they have proved to be among the most popular of our *Mayfair* maids, judging from readers' letters.

These jigsaws make novel presents and with Christmas just around the corner are ideal for stocking-fillers. Or why not just treat yourself?

Carrie's artist Steve Kingston pays meticulous attention to detail in his work and likes to take his time over her strip.

So when he went on holiday we were faced with the choice of featuring Carrie half-drawn as well as half-dressed or sending her on holiday as well, which we have decided to do.

But Carrie will definitely be back in the next issue when she gets hung up over some Christmas stockings.

Mayfair is strictly non-political, but we thought readers would be interested in the recent report by fashion experts who believe that the clothes we wear reflect our political standpoint.

After the 'worker' image of jeans and T-shirts, which projected the Leftish tendencies of the 1970s, men's fashions emerging for the 1980s are showing a strong swing towards an 'executive' or 'management' look.

A preview of spring fashions for 1980 shows a middle-class backlash, reflecting the political swing shown in the British general election and the elections for the Common Market.

Director of the Menswear Association of Britain, Kenneth Smith says: 'We find a strong trend back to smartness and elegance for the 1980s – after the 1970s' fashion for what you can only call "clothes for digging a hole in the road in". The whole image was that of the working class and therefore leftwards looking. Now we've not only voted Right, we're looking right. The fashionable image is that of an elegant executive.' Quite a turn-up for the book. And we thought we just wore clothes because we liked the look of them.

Have you ever fancied yourself owning a Porsche 935 Turbo? Or how about a Lancia Stratos?

Well, you can do that, and even drive them around your living room without moving from your armchair, with the latest line in radio-controlled model cars just introduced by Dixons Photographic. Radio controlled models are a fast-growing hobby in this country, but until now they have been a very costly one. But the new Dixons range starts from as little as £8.95 for the Lancia.

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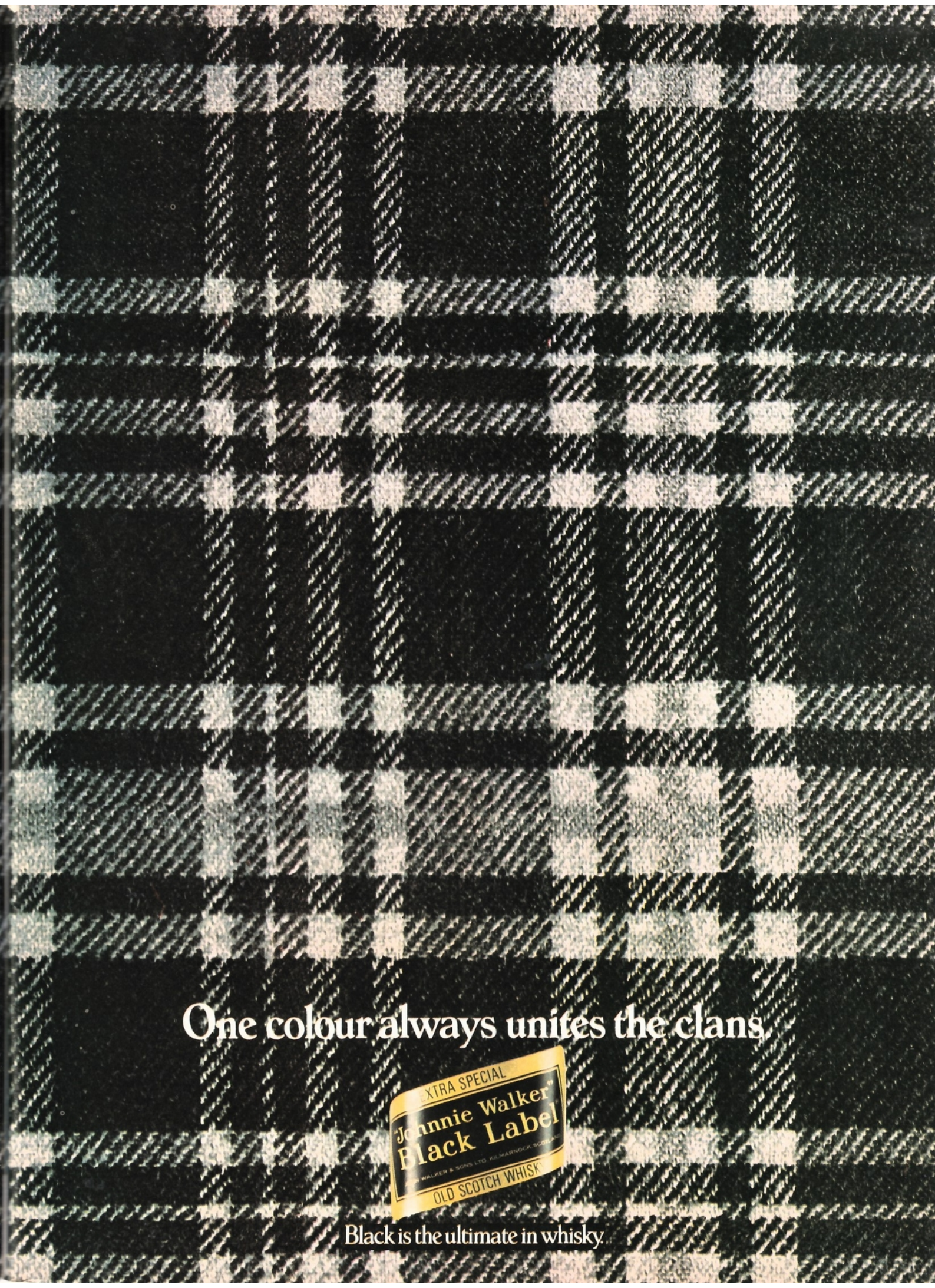
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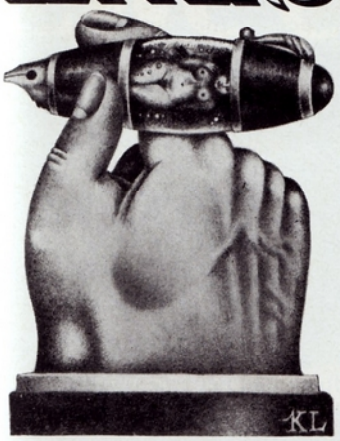
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Though I agree with his compliments to *Mayfair*, I am perturbed by David Carey's letter in Vol 14 No 9. I did not see the Thames TV programme he mentions, but regret the support he seems to give to censorship. There is no evidence that sexual pornography does any harm at all. The ideas which underlie our obscenity laws are the degrading and blasphemous heresies that have characterised our traditional Western sexual morality.

Entertainment by portrayal of violence may have an effect on behaviour, but our idiotic society accepts it on a prodigious scale for adults and children. Mr Carey and I may or may not have similar tastes, but by confusing questions of taste with morality, censorship is a source only of oppression and destruction, of dishonesty and confusion. It brings the law itself into contempt. If censorship is allowed to grow again, like the cancer it is, we are all in danger from the insolence of those who presume to dictate what we may see or read. They utilise archaic laws which we are morally too cowardly to condemn and annul.

Keith Norcross, Birmingham

I am sure that your attention has already been drawn to the William Hickey column in a recent edition of the *Daily Express*, which linked Lord Attlee and *Mayfair*. My personal objection to this item lies in Mr Hickey's description of *Mayfair* as 'a porno magazine.' If this is not actual libel, then certainly it is grossly unfair and damaging.

I have bought *Mayfair* since its inception and whilst I would accept the words glossy girlie magazine, in no way would I ever describe it as pornographic.

It seems to me also that Mr Hickey should be more careful in his choice of words and targets. Some of the so-called spicy items and innuendo often seen in his column is, I think, a lot dirtier than anything written in *Mayfair*.

I feel that some protest from your magazine will carry more weight than say a letter to the editor from an ordinary chap like me. I really do not think you should allow him to get away with this insult.

J R Nicholson, Manchester

Your letter exactly parallels our own feelings, and we are considering taking the matter further although in journalism dog does not normally eat dog. In fact the very unfairness of the Hickey Column in this is self-defeating. It directs the reader's sympathy towards the victims of his style. Believe us, Mayfair *will still be going strong when William Hickey is no more than a curious journalistic phenomenon in the British Museum's newspaper files. – Ed.*

Congratulations. You've given me what I've been waiting for. The amazing Pat Wynn is just fantastic. Thanks very much for featuring her.

M C, Colchester

I just had to write and tell you how pleased I was at seeing the excellent pictures of Pat Wynn in Vol 14 No 9.

I have long believed it unfair that the older woman has been virtually ignored in your magazine. There must be many beautiful women like Pat who would be only too willing to appear nude in *Mayfair*, but are probably inhibited only because they think they are too old.

I hope that the lovely Pat will be the first of many and give encouragement to all women regardless of age.

While I was stunned by the sheer size of her breasts, those fantastic long legs of hers are absolutely earth-shattering.

I reckon you'd have a difficult job to find a younger girl with better legs.

J S, Southampton

I have been reading your fab mag for some 13 years now and must say that one of my greatest joys to date has been seeing Pat Wynn posing for us. Dear Pat, thank you so much for coming across just as men yearn to see the women around them in their own lives. That pic of Pat sitting in her car, fully clothed but flaunting her underwear and pantie crotch was sensational, and the following nude/lingerie shots were fab. Let's hope we see more women in their prime – wearing two-piece suits, hats etc like WI meetings but baring their boobs and showing stocking tops, suspenders and snowy white pantie gusset up their skirt.

Or better still, slapstick, custard pies, trifles and cream cakes in a complete let your hair down free-for-all between Maggie Thatcher look-alikes. Every *Mayfair* should have at least one forty-plus, age-wise, lady being gloriously indecent – lying down on the lawn, fully-dressed, showing that marvellous view up the skirt.

Also a couple of ladies in white dance dresses cavorting fully-clothed in a sudsy circular tub. Standing up they would reveal black underwear beneath their soaking gear.

To me the wet set are glorious, specially when we see every curve of the torso under the drenched clothing.

I would love to see a whole range of outfits worn in the water – a nursing sister's uniform, a trouser suit and a full-length evening gown – the wetter the better.

Crossing the Equator once, we were treated to the wonderful sight of a stewardess in an all-white outfit being liberally

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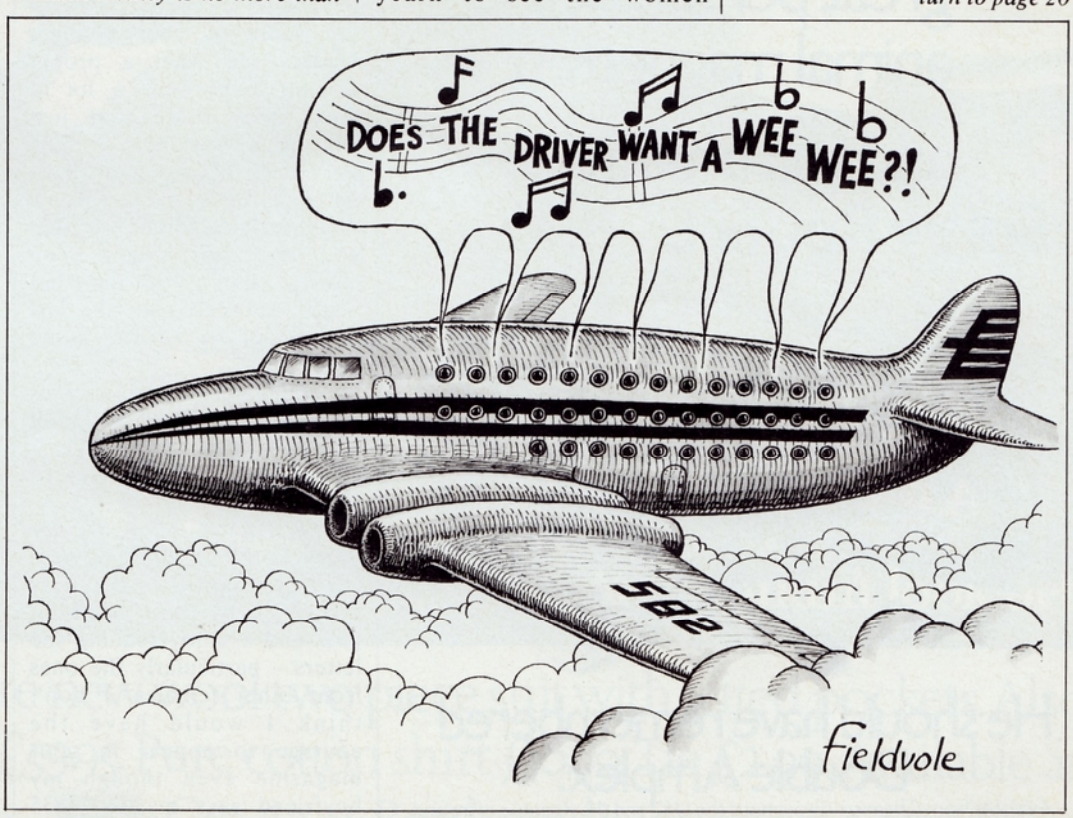

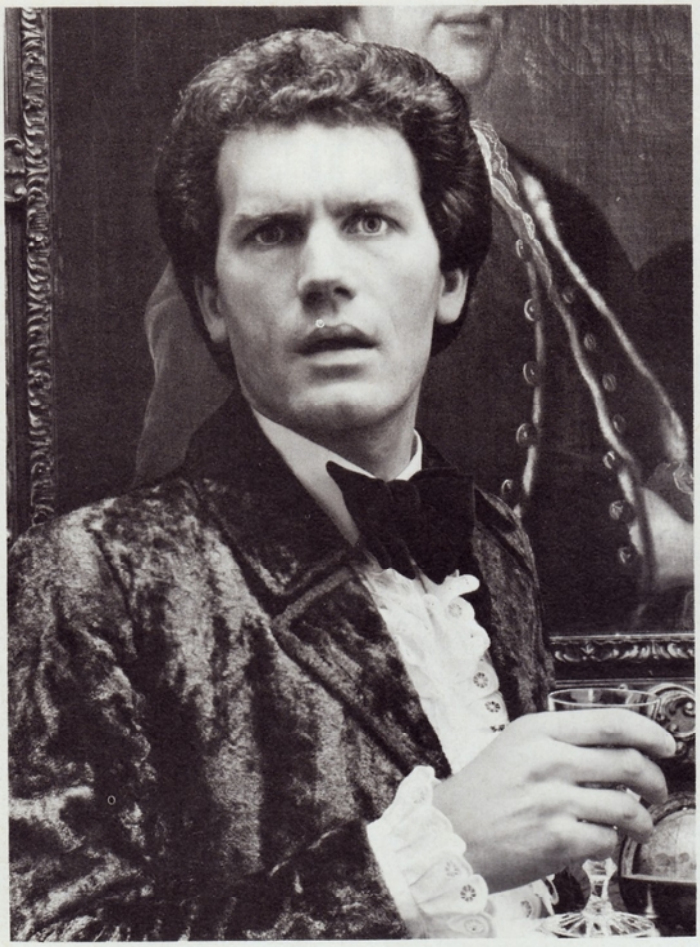

Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got style, great personality, animal magnetism, and bad breath. **Sorry Robert.**

He should have remembered Double Amplex.

Available from Chemists throughout the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland.

LETTERS

continued from page 19

splashed with coloured dyes then dunked fully clothed in the pool.

This was followed by a succession of young ladies in ballet gear.

Yes, I think that Pat has amply proved that you can be as sexy fully clothed as nude.

So all I can say is please let's have an encore and this time please get wet for us and be sure to be wearing stockings and suspenders, PVC mac, miniskirt and boots while you are doing it.

Perhaps a caption 'singing in the rain' would be appropriate as we enjoy the rapturous sight of water streaming down the front of your dress and revealing pubic hair beneath soaked knickers as you crouch, laughing, under a holed umbrella.

T S M, Cambridge

Phew. After that outpouring of a sexual scenario we feel completely washed out.

Congratulations. Fantastic. What a woman. Of course I'm referring to Pat Wynn in Vol 14 No 9.

At last the letters you get about mature women have sunk in. This time you've given me and a lot of other readers a real treat. Young birds are great, but let's have girls like Pat and co.

Let some of your younger readers see what a proper woman looks like. A lot of men today think that just because a woman is over 35 she's past it. Of course that's far from true.

Another thing I liked was that you gave her height. You always used to do this, but you've stopped over the last couple of years for some reason.

So come on *Mayfair*, give us more women like Pat. Don't stop now.

Paul Barnes, Surrey

My boyfriend buys *Mayfair* every month and we always read it together. He gets turned on by those beautiful girls and I enjoy reading the letters – particularly the ones from other females. I don't think I would have the courage to appear in your magazine even though my boyfriend says my 36–24–35 figure is very attractive. But when we were on holiday in Greece in the summer I did pluck up the courage to sunbathe topless for the first time. There were lots of other girls with no tops on so I took the plunge and found it quite exciting. So did my boyfriend. I got quite a thrill out of knowing that other men were looking at me but couldn't do anything as my boyfriend was there.

He got turned on as well and after I had become used to the idea we both went for a walk along the beach.

It is a real turn-on to have men look at your semi-naked body, even if I was being a bit of a tease.

That night my boyfriend and I talked about all the men who had been watching me and it led to a really passionate lovemaking session.

I can't wait for next summer.

(Name and address withheld)

As a devoted *Mayfair* reader from way back, I am requesting you to capture that ravishing and talented singer Lene Lovich in a nude photographic portfolio.

I've no doubt she will agree to this as I recently heard on the radio during an interview that Lene is uninhibited in her views on life in general.

If she does agree to grace your magazine's glossy interior, please ask the photographer to dress her in her usual style of a long, flowing garment and in each shot have her sensually stripping off, little by little, showing her lush, white form garbed only in clinging sexy black stockings.

T R, Didcot

A spokesman for Stiff Records who release Ms Lovich's records has promised to ask her if she would be willing to pose when she returns from her current tour abroad.

In Vol 14 No 8 you had quite a few pictures of wet women for which I would like to thank you. Thanks also for Carrie's slapstick adventures. But you're still not getting it quite right. What I – and apparently others – want is: fully-dressed girls getting wet, then stripping, and live action slapstick pictorials.

A few years ago I was briefly a professional photographer and though I did mostly weddings

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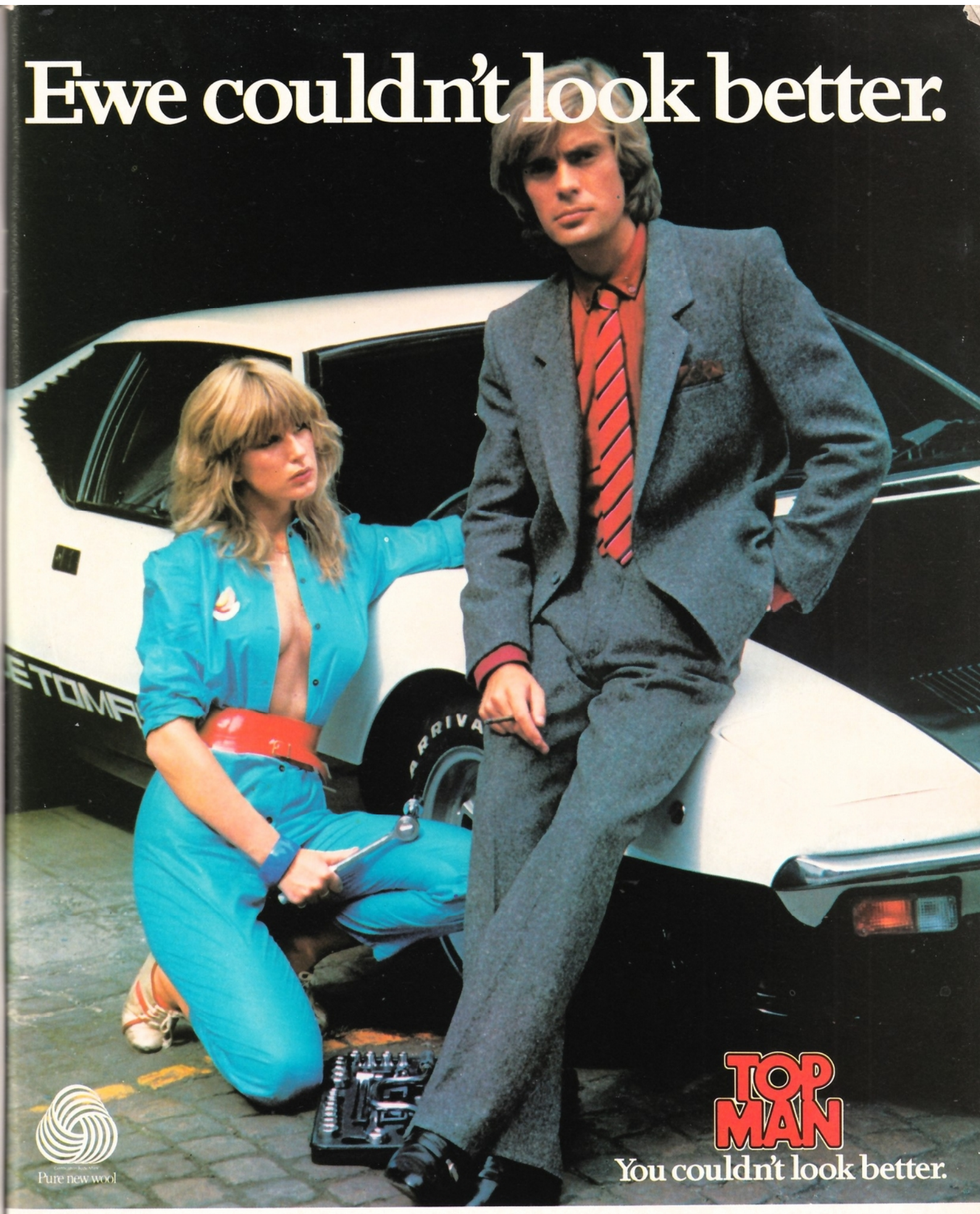
Ewe couldn't look better.



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I went from the bedroom into the place beyond – private and not for general view

THE ROOM BEYOND

Fiction by Brigette Benson

The other day I went to Chantilly again. Mr Bugatti, as I must now call him, was not with me this time as I went up the long drive and nor could I expect to find at the end of it the man who had made me know my own nature some fifteen years ago. Now I came with my present lord and master, my new Englishman, who was so kindly taking me to my own native Paris to show *me* the sights. It was my little unpunished rebellion to insist that we drive

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ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

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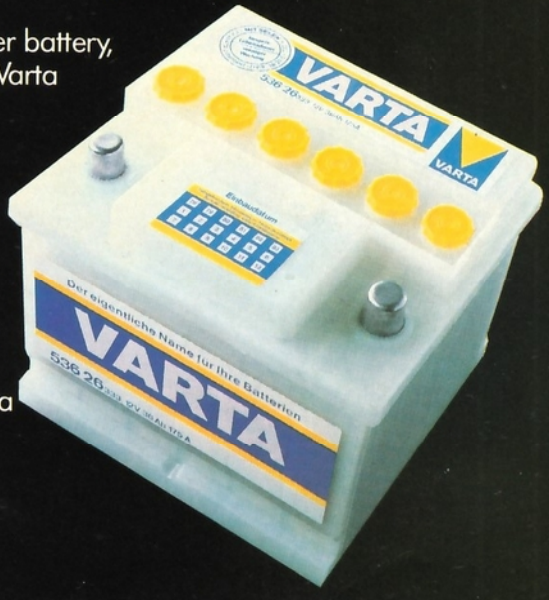

VARTA
THE POWERFUL

The room beyond

continued from page 23

out to Chantilly because I like to deceive my husband in minor ways for the pleasure of imagining his anger should he find out. And sometimes, when I am feeling brave and excited – and strong, he does find out, for I have learned to drop bricks and Rupert, as the English say, smells rats.

I find it annoying that he should be called Rupert. My parents, wishing me to learn English at the age of six, had tried to interest me in a story about a 'teddy bear' of that name and although he, my present husband, finds excuses at dinner parties to refer to a Prince Rupert in some minor escapade of history (just as if he were the equal of our own Bonaparte), I still tend to think of teddy bears at crucial private moments when I should be thinking of conquerors and kings. His name is indeed the one flaw in our sexual life.

So, thinking of other things, I drove him on his wrong side of the road to see the architecture of Chantilly; the sudden appearance of the Chateau out of the woods, the moat and the smooth lawns and, across the road, the riding school: more impressive, indeed bigger – much bigger – than the Chateau itself and more grand too in architectural flourish. Girls like me become jealous of horses when we see at Chantilly the Palace in which thoroughbreds were trotted in circles on leading reins around tightly breeched masters with whips.

'Ah-ha, what saucy poetry!' you may say – you, my sisters who share my 'thing'. But

'I can't help admiring JF's new filing system.'

my dear Rupert did not actually then seem enlivened by this imagery. It was a hot day and while the English pretend to enjoy the heat-wave, they flag as soon as they are faced with a real French sun without the off-shore winds that make them think they are Nelson. It was therefore a slightly sultry, and indeed soggy, present lover that I deceitfully led to the gates at the edge of the town while diverting him with lies about an 'uncle' of mine who had once lived there. I dared not hint that it was the point of my first love.

When I saw the gates of André's house again, I remembered that they had had their own little significance in my story of fifteen years before. I had come with Daphne and her Claude and a boyfriend for myself whose name I cannot now recall even though he owned the Bugatti in which we came. I remember the moment clearly. Daphne and Claude were whispering in the back while Mr Bugatti was out in his white tennis trousers bending down to unfasten the bolt. It was the gesture of a servant. Both André and Rupert – and Herbert, my first husband too, for that matter – would have expected Claude, or even me, to perform that service while he, the driver, remained in command of the machine. He had some trouble with the bolt. Daphne giggled and, in that moment, I was made ready to leave him. (Which is not to say that I intended at that time to leave him. It was just that, when I *did* leave him a few hours later, I was all ready!)

To relive one's youth is always to court the danger that it will be belittled, and seeing André's house again with Rupert I saw that it was quite small. Even after making allowances for its humiliation at being converted to make offices for a typewriter company, I could understand that it had never been as grand as the excitedness of my youth had made it seem. It was built as part of a massive wall marking a change of level that had in earlier times been part of a grand landscape design. But in spite of classical details and fine stonework, it has to be admitted that my first master's house was probably only a conversion of a barn above a wagon shed. But it had style! It was as different from the houses of my friends as André was from Mr Bugatti. It

turn to page 26

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The room beyond

continued from page 25

had no passages. Each part opened from the next. The entrance hall served as the dining room, off which opened the kitchen and, curiously, the only bathroom. Rising from this a stair ascended into the living room which had french-doors (as my Rupert calls them) opening to the lawns and another door opening to the bedroom. Through the bedroom was the third room in the row – a private room, more private than a bedroom and not for the inspection of visiting aunts. For bedrooms are explicable even to maiden aunts because sleeping is explicable and even fucking (as the English say) is explicable, whereas the third room was about the inexplicable – even for me, for whom it was equipped and waiting.

On that earlier occasion I did not at first enter the house because as soon as Mr Bugatti had turned off his engine our host deflected us to some steps built into the main garden wall which raised us to the higher terrace and thence across the lawns to the little tennis pavilion. Later I was to think again of our progress up those steps and see in it a little cameo portrait of André: commanding, apparently considerate, but always ready to help himself to private delights in passing. He *told* the men to lead up the steps and then silently directed the girls to precede him: a gesture that rewarded him with the best view of the girls' bottoms while gaining credit to the impresario for good manners. It was neatly

'Very concisely put, sir. But supposing there were ladies present and you needed to express yourself more delicately . . .'

selfish perhaps, but the fact that he saw the need to wrap his greed in generous gestures made him acceptable to girls like me who have to have men of the likes of him. The idea of the cruel master is an exciting spark for the imaginings of lonely schoolgirls in their beds, but those of us who intend real games have to diagnose the whims of their men with some care because the requirement is as exact as it is perverse: he must do as *you* want while making you feel like a whipped slave. André did it perfectly.

When you got to know him the good manners on the surface, while seen to be cynical, became also necessary. The traps he set and the escape routes he provided were a pattern of shaded gestures peculiar to – and necessary to – a courtship that is laced with naughty meanings. Perhaps André did it even too perfectly. Practice makes perfect, as the English say, but one does not like to feel the practice while enjoying the perfection.

I often wonder how our first conversation would have gone if I had not been responsive to his private language with its cobwebs of secret meanings. I wondered whether he had ever tried with Daphne who was very 'normal'.

I am rather good at tennis and after the first match he, who never played, announced to the others that I must be rewarded with a rest. Thus his cousin took my place in a doubles and I was alone with him. This pairing of himself with me was done with such a frank show of sexual interest that even then, before he had spoken directly to me, I had that tingling excitement that is felt in both moments of passion and moments of fear. I looked firmly at the game as Daphne was about to serve, but I knew that he was looking at me.

'You looked even more erotic when *you* served,' he said. 'At the very moment when you thrashed the ball your little skirt flipped up to show me your bottom!'

A bead of sweat ran from my brow and tickled my face in its descent. Mopping it on my sleeve, my face turned and I saw him staring at me.

'I am sorry,' he said.

'I do not understand why you say that.'

'No matter then. I thought for one moment

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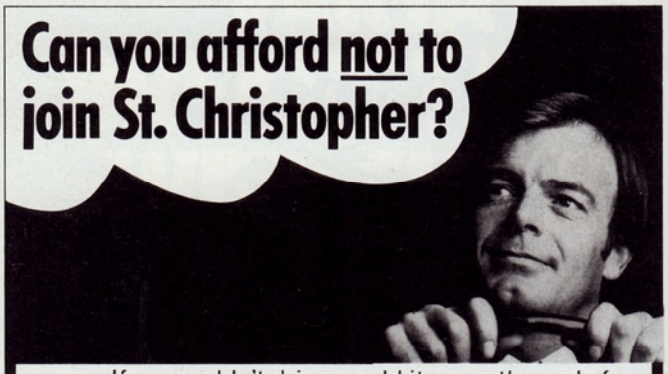

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JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Music plays an important part in the lives of many of us; but for 22-year-old Julia Edwards it is a consuming passion, and she is lucky enough to be able to devote her working life to it. For Julia, whose 35–23–35 figure could pluck at the heart-strings of any male, is a music teacher at a Devonshire secondary school. She spends every day trying to instil a love of music into budding Yehudi Menuhins or Artur Rubensteins. 'I find the work very satisfying, but it can be a little bit shattering at times. Still, one day I may be able to go to a concert at the Festival Hall and say that I discovered the soloist when he was a child.'

Julia concentrates on the violin, but she can also play the piano. Her parents used to listen to the classics all the time and the interest rubbed off on Julia. 'I do not have any particular favourites, it just depends on my mood. For instance there is nothing like a little Chopin to set you up on a Monday morning.' Needless to say, her modest flat is dominated by the cabinets and wires of a huge stereo which is in use all the time she is at home. And her record collection could put some stores to shame. 'I sometimes spend half of my wages on records, and of course my boyfriends buy them for me instead of flowers.'

As soon as men realise that Julia is a music teacher they use the subject as an excuse to chat her up. But it can lead to some amusing incidents. Once Julia invited an old friend back to her flat to hear her interpretation of a classical piece. She started to play and became so wrapped up in the music that she forgot him entirely and by the time she had finished he was fast asleep. 'It was a pity as the two of us might have made some beautiful music together,' laughed Julia. But Julia doesn't restrict her boyfriends to classical music buffs. 'Their personality is far more important than the type of music they prefer.'

It's still the tobacco that counts

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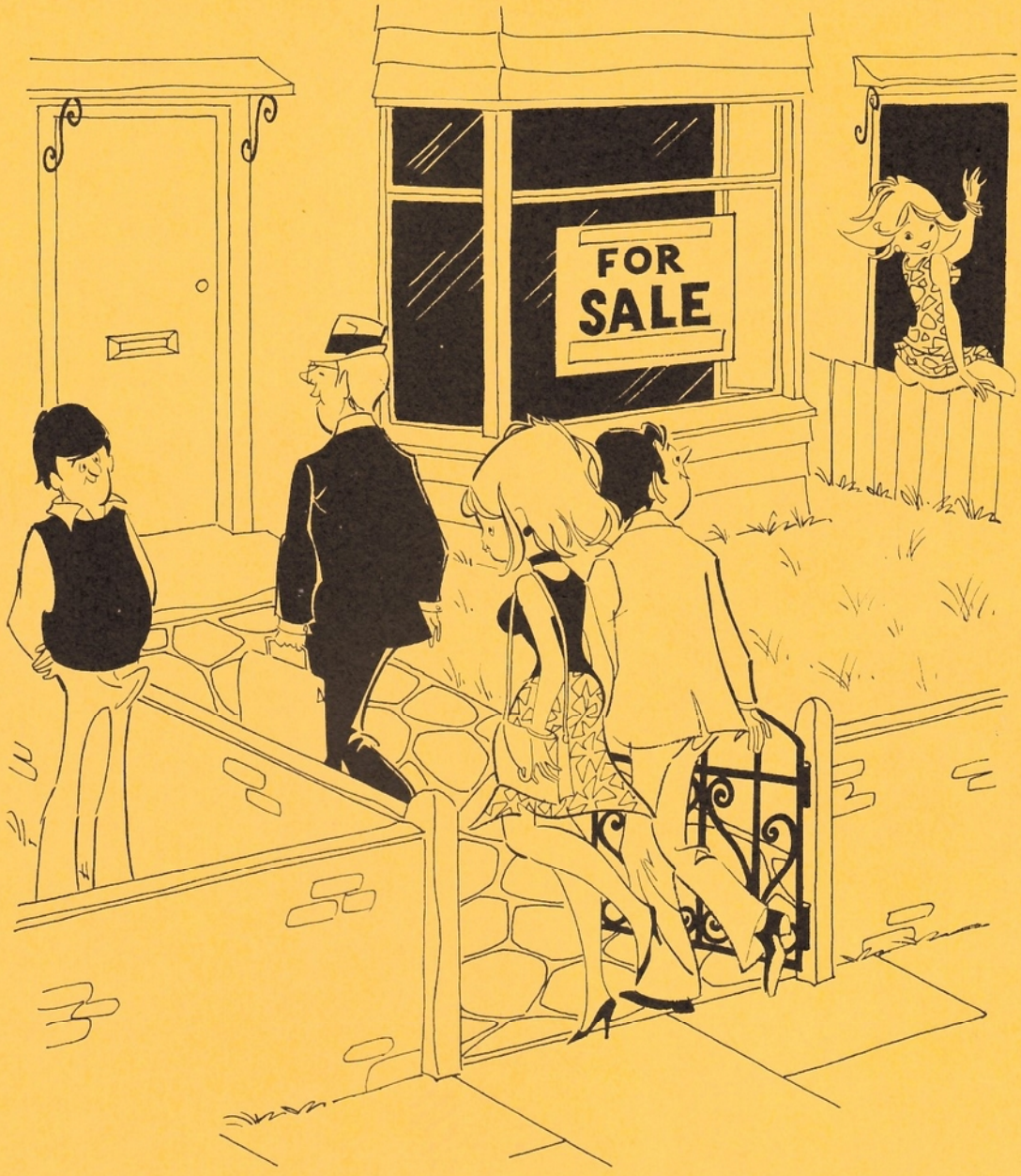


'. . . And I understand it's a very friendly little neighbourhood.'

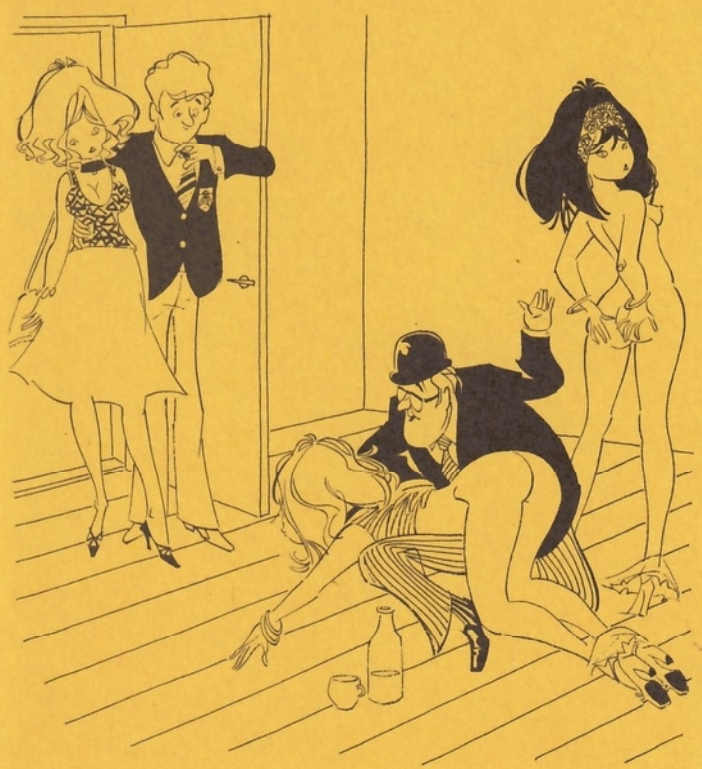
DWELLING ON SEX

Cartoonist Paul White places
his own ribald interpretation to the
pleasures of home ownership

'Keep your eyes peeled for any damp patches, Laura.'

'Note the spacious built-in wardrobe – ideal to hide any guest in moderate comfort.'

'I think my wife has fallen in love with the place already.'



'I've always believed in taking a firm hand with squatters.'

'Unethical, maybe, but it got results.'

'. . . And a superb view of the village green, renowned for its wild birds.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

She had the reputation of being a sexual raver who picked up taxi drivers and dragged them to her sweaty bed. She never wore underwear on screen and to conceal the triangular shadow between her thighs, dyed her pubic hair platinum blonde to match her head. To ensure that her nipples could always outstare the camera she rubbed them with ice before film takes.

Publicity men gave Jean Harlow, Hollywood's first goddess of sex, all the lines they could to build the image of a bitch on permanent heat. According to Barry Norman's bio-gossip, **The Hollywood Greats** (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.50), when gossip writers asked how she liked to wake up in the morning, she replied, 'I like to wake up feeling a new man.' Asked if she was wearing a brassiere (this was the 1930s after all) she'd say, 'That sounds like a near-sighted question.' Would she steal another woman's husband? 'Wouldn't that be like shoplifting in a second-hand store . . .'

How different was reality. Far from being the promiscuous good natured tart of popular fancy, Jean Harlow once summed up her attitude to sex as: 'It's all very well on the screen, but more than a mild nuisance off it.'

By contrast, Errol Flynn once claimed he'd spent between 12,000 and 14,000 nights making love – that's every night for nearly 40 years, if you took him literally, and he was only fifty when he died.

But Errol, dubbed 'the beautiful puppet' by one Hollywood image-maker, certainly had more than his fair share. To Flynn, however, women were little more than sexual toys. And he didn't have to go looking very hard in the toy-shop, for frequently they sought him. One of his wives showed how to accept the inevitable when she warned him: 'I know you can't pass a pretty face. But just don't bring it home to the dinner table and don't ever humiliate me.'

For a man who claimed to resent his film image as a walking phallic symbol, Flynn had strange ways of responding. Often after a hard day's work in front of the cameras, he'd have a couple of whores work on him in his dressing room while he read the trade papers. And even though he loved his young wife, he was still driven to indulge in his weekend orgies.

David Niven believed that what really hit Flynn hardest (he died from over-indulgence in drink and drugs) was his physical failure to get into World War Two as a soldier. His draft rating was 4F thanks to an athletic heart, malaria and TB. It was the only time the saying 'In like Flynn' didn't work for him.

Among its divinities, Hollywood did have one king, though. Clark Gable really started his career as a gigolo. He married an experienced, well-to-do and older woman – a drama teacher who taught the farm boy from Ohio how to move and lower his voice to a deeper, sexier level. After a few years she lost him – to an even older woman who taught him cafe society style. Ironically enough, after his first screen test, old-time producer Louis B Mayer (so unpopular, it was claimed you had to queue up to hate him) described him as 'a gigolo with brass knuckles.'

None of which either prevented or explained his real star power when the cameras rolled. Sometimes that power was felt off screen as well as on – like his volcanic physical affair with Joan Crawford. Or the fiftieth birthday present he gave Hollywood writer Adele Rogers St John to whom he said, 'I want to give you a party – I'll send the car for you at eight pm.' The car came all right, and took her to Gable's home, but when she got there there wasn't a soul in sight. Adele asked, 'Where's the party?'

Clark Gable told her: 'You don't think I'm going to waste your fiftieth birthday with a lot of strange people running around here? You can always say for the rest of your life you spent your fiftieth birthday in bed with Clark Gable.'

His happiest marriage (out of five) was to actress Carole Lombard, seven years his junior with high spirits, a sense of humour and a vocabulary that could make a stoker blush.

Theirs was an idyllic marriage – tragically ended by her death in an air crash. She was unique in enjoying weekend hunting trips as much as Gable himself.

On one occasion they'd gone duck-shooting, but as it was very foggy no ducks were about. Clark Gable said sulkily there was nothing they could do till the fog cleared, but Carole Lombard told him, 'I know something we can do' and she took him off to a nearby hide and proceeded to do it. A lot more fun than duck shooting, admitted Gable afterwards.

After her sad death in 1942 Clark Gable himself preferred one-night stands – the kind provided by the neighbourhood brothel-keeper who would deliver a girl to his door at night and tidily whisk her away the next morning.

Contrast tough guy Humphrey Bogart, whose second marriage, a strongly physical one to a sexy, pretty drunk, was one long sauced-up brawl from their wedding night.

Bogie claimed his wife kept him boozed because that was the only way she could hold him. He said he enjoyed fighting with her because it was so pleasant when they made up.

After Bogart married Lauren Bacall he reduced his drinking considerably – though asked if he'd ever been on the wagon, he replied: 'Yes I have and it was the most miserable afternoon of my life.'

So the celluloid gods and goddesses came – and now have gone. They don't make them like that any more. But then, when you consider that if you strip the phoney tinsel off Hollywood, all you'll find is the real tinsel underneath – maybe they never really did.

The illustration, above, by the renowned Japanese water colourist, Katsushika Hokusai is one of over 200 in 'Shunga: The Art of Love in Japan', by Tom and Mary Evans, Published by Paddington Press, £15. A definitive coffee-table edition, 'Shunga' sees Japanese erotic art within the context of Far Eastern culture.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡♡♡ **Pretty Baby** (X), 1 hr 50 mins. 'Can I show my breasts?' asks lady of pleasure Hettie (Susan Sarandon), sprawling on a sofa before a monumental plate camera and shrugging off her camisole. 'They're the best in the house.' 'Fine,' nods upright, asexual photographer (Keith Carradine), glancing with approval. But his asexuality is destined to be shortlived – not as a result of Hettie's obliging toplessness, but because he falls in love with her 12-year-old daughter. Which is why *Pretty Baby* has caused such a furore among critics and audiences in America. Based on a true story, it's set in the notorious Storyville red light area of New Orleans in 1917, where young Violet (12-year-old Brooke Shields) is brought up in a house of pleasure, mouths the jargon of the trade that goes on around her and finally has her virginity sold off at a bizarre auction where she's paraded, semi-clad, around a dinner table of middle-aged customers. Erotic rather than wildly titillating (unless the sight of a nude 12-year-old appeals), the atmosphere is idyllic, a kind of happy innocence: river-bathing in their underclothes, a party of housegirls joyfully embrace a group of passing boatmen, simply because they're all in a good mood.
Atmosphere and acting are superb, especially from Miss Shields and Carradine, the idealist who eventually 'rescues' Violet by marrying her. Overall, then, a bizarre yet erotic curiosity.

*** ♡♡♡ **Old Boyfriends** (X), 1 hr mins. 'Get out of the car, take down your pants and lie down,' whispers the dark-haired attractive heroine (Talia Shire). 'I'm going to rape you.' 'Oh my God,' gasps her ungainly Romeo (John Balushi). 'This is really fantastic. There, I'm ready.' He is still calling when the lady's car, with trousers inside, vanishes into the night, leaving him stamping and cursing at the roadside. It's sweet revenge for a schooldays' trick he played on her, when he succeeded in persuading her to shed her pants but not her virginity, though he broadcast the contrary to all her friends.
Diane Cruise, the thirtyish, separated heroine, tours America in search of her three most important old boyfriends, mainly to see if her past gives some clue to her present troubles, but also to redress old wrongs.
It's an excellent idea but runs out of steam towards the end when Diane, unable to re-discover her first childhood love (who's since died in Vietnam), seduces his neurotic younger brother (Keith Carradine again) and prompts his mental breakdown.

*** ♡ **Prophesy** (AA), 1 hr 43 mins. When an American lumber company releases lethal industrial waste into the rivers of a national park, the result is giant trout, tadpoles two feet long and a murderous, 20 foot high mutant bear which rapidly starts devouring tourists. Liberal, high-minded government inspector hero Robert Foxworth stumbles on the awful truth just as the monster stumbles on him, and a climactic, two-day chase begins through the backwoods. It's a good, workmanlike horror-thriller, but misses the high spots as director John Frankenheimer, ignoring the good examples of *Jaws* and *Alien*, shows the impending horror all too soon.

** ♡ **Airport 80 – The Concorde** (A), 1 hr 54 mins. Pity the long-suffering passengers in this, the fourth of the *'Airport'* series. In succession they've endured bombs and engine failure (*Airport*), mid-air collision (*Airport '77*), oceanic submersion (*Airport '78*) and now attack by missile and fighter and explosive decompression.
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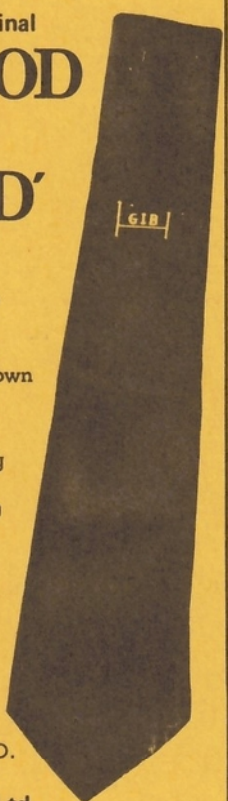

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

An album such as *A Song For All Seasons* would be difficult for any band to follow but Renaissance make a brave attempt with **Azure D'Or** (WEA). Though lacking the originality and impact of the former, the album makes for pleasant listening and tracks such as *Secret Mission, Kalynda* and *Winter Tree* are particularly enjoyable, if very reminiscent of tracks on earlier albums. Their unique style should ensure this band an ever-more prosperous future, thanks largely to the clarity of lead singer Annie Haslam's voice.

Anyone with a weakness for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers musicals and Busby Berkeley's dance routines must by now be dedicated followers of Britain's own Pasadena Roof Orchestra. The 11-strong band of gifted musicians, who devote themselves to the music of the Twenties and Thirties, have assembled a fine collection of vintage sounds on **Night Out** (CBS). Foottappers include *Young and Healthy, You're Never Fully Dressed Without A Smile, Hoorah For Hollywood* and *Puttin' On The Ritz.* Beautifully re-created, this nostalgia trip may not be to everyone's taste, but it certainly is to mine.

Gladys Knight has an intensity which can change the simplest song into a full scale show-stopping production number. Some may argue that *Midnight train to Georgia* was better left in its original form of a guitar ballad – *Midnight Flight to Phoenix*, or that Barbra Streisand sounded positively subdued on *The Way We Were* compared to Miss Knight. Nevertheless, she has a way with certain songs which stand out. Her latest album, simply called **Gladys Knight** (CBS) which she produced with Jack Gold contains ten pleasant tracks, ranging from ballad to disco, but nothing particularly inspiring. I liked *Am I Too Late* and *If You Ever Need Somebody*, but could not recommend the album on the strength of two tracks alone.

I have greatly admired and enjoyed the music of Ian Dury since his relatively obscure days with Kilburn and the High Roads. Now I am pleased to see that he is gaining the recognition he deserves with his **Do It Yourself** album on Stiff Records. The songs are not so immediately memorable as the ones on *New Boots and Panties*, but they grow on you and after several playings I find I am beginning to prefer the new album. His band, the Blockheads, go from strength to strength and the overall effect is an album of excellent songs, played with great expertise and sung as only Ian Dury can sing them. To mention any particular track would be unfair as they are all equally outstanding. I can recommend this as one of the best albums I have heard this year. A must for anyone who wants to see the way rock music is heading for the 1980s.

Willie Nelson has written more country hits than most people realise, and he sings them in a relaxed way complemented perfectly by his rich, mellow voice. Now he has collaborated with Leon Russell on **One For The Road** (CBS), a double album which features the pair playing some new songs as well as a selection of old favourites. Leon Russell takes a secondary role to Willie who can make standards like *Danny Boy* seem as fresh and original as the day they were written. The album is well worth a listen as it showcases Willie Nelson's outstanding talent.

Film soundtrack compilation albums are a hit and miss affair, and can often be patchy.

But **That Summer** (Arista) contains a treasure-trove of New Wave sounds from the late seventies.

In fact it reads like a *Who's Who* of classic songs. The film has recently been released, but the album stands up on its own merits for anyone who missed these singles when they were first released. Ian Dury's two songs, *Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll*, and *What a Waste* are now no longer available in this country unless you buy expensive import albums.

They alone make the record worth its price, but among the other tracks are Nick Lowe's *I Love The Sound of Breaking Glass, Rockaway Beach* by the Ramones and Mink DeVille's *Spanish Stroll.*

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Bacardi rum.

The one from the sun.

Many of today's motor cycles are more sophisticated than production cars in terms of engine design and instrumentation. And now that last symbol of greasy motorcycling – the chain – is making way for the more efficient shaft-drive design

By Graham Macbeth

Breaking free from their chains

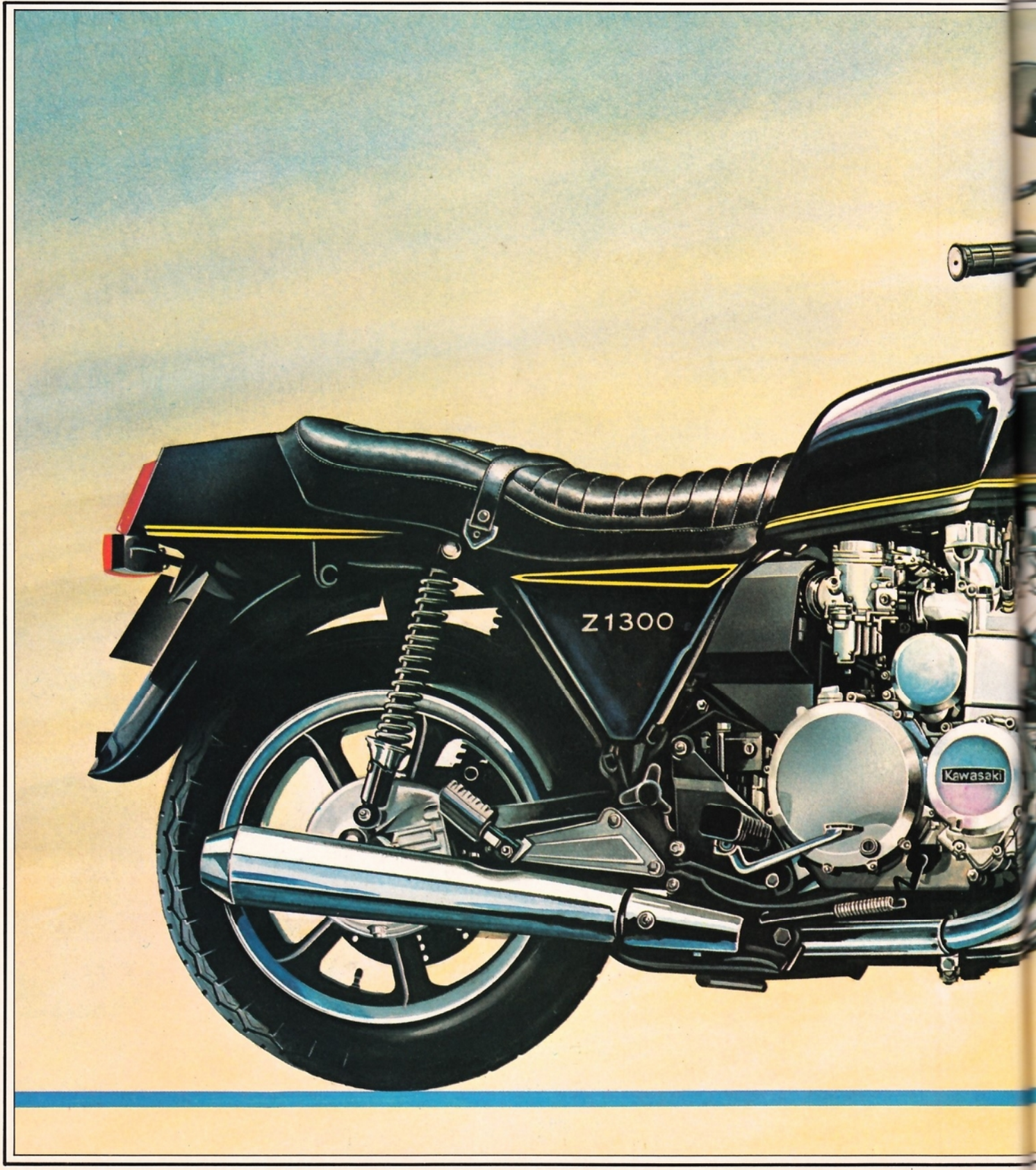
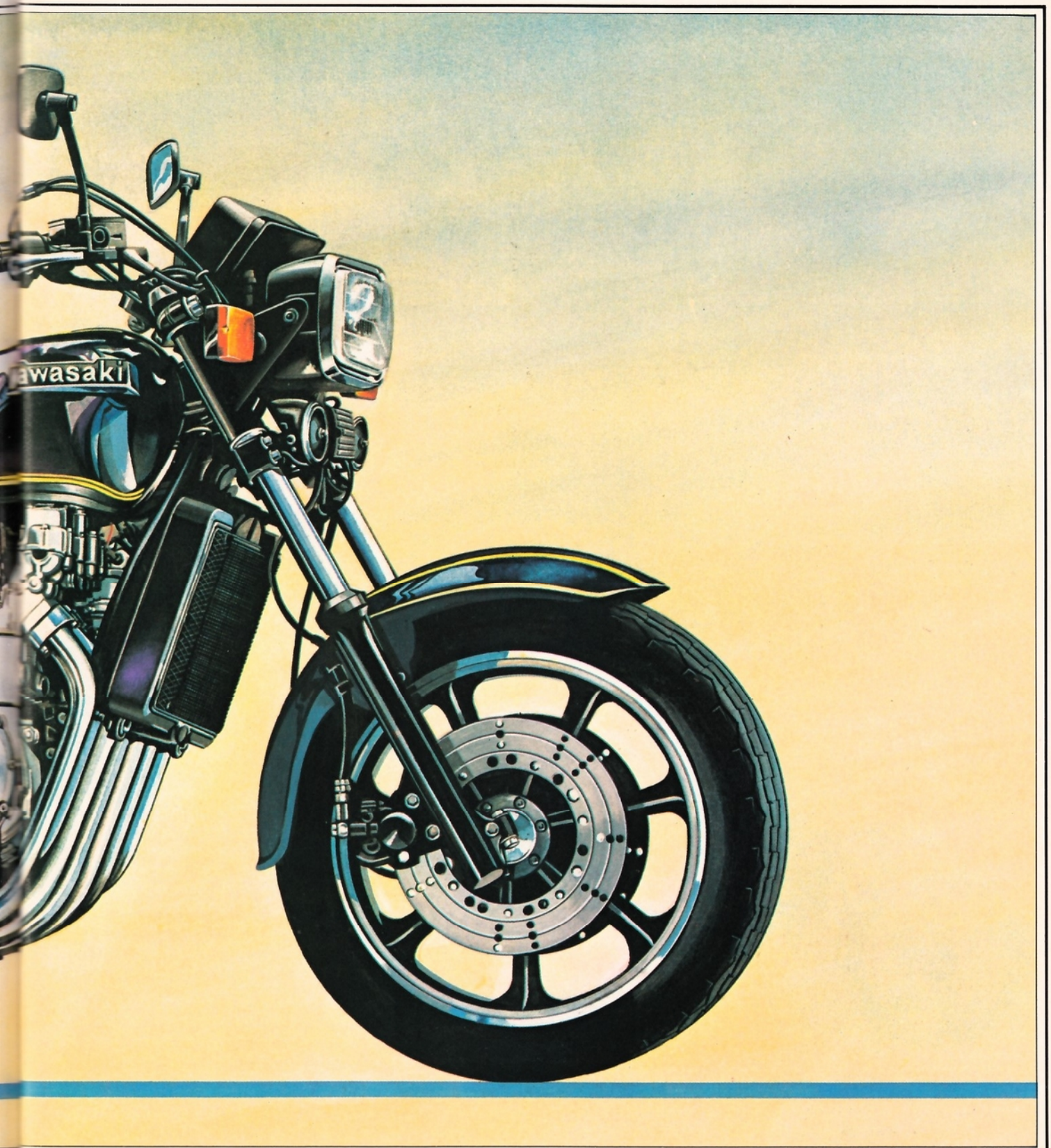


ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LEWIS

Motor cyclists: Throw away your chains! No, this is not a plea to rockers to remove the chains from their leathers, but a recognition that a new breed of motor cycle is available which manages to get along without dirty old chain transmission. Shaft drive is here, neat and clean, not just on exclusive bikes but from each of the mass-market Japanese manufacturers, and from several European makers as well.

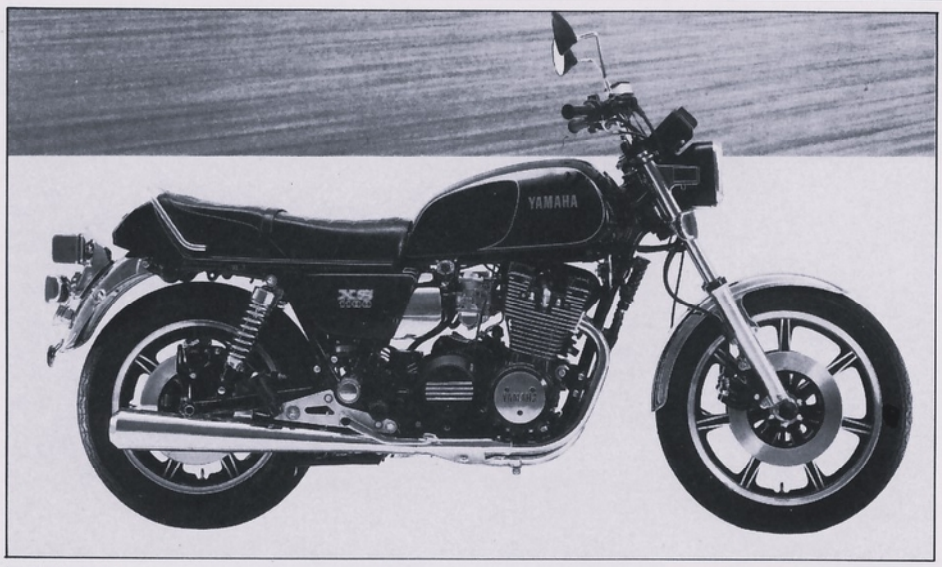
On the face of it, this is no revolution. Just a strangely grudging adoption of a mechanical feature which has been available on one make of machine, at least, for around half-a-century. Yet it may be heralding a complete re-appraisal of the motor cycle, which could be said to have advanced to much the same stage in its modern, shaft-driven form as had the light car of the mid-twenties when it grew out of the crude, flimsy cyclecars of the years just either side of World War I.

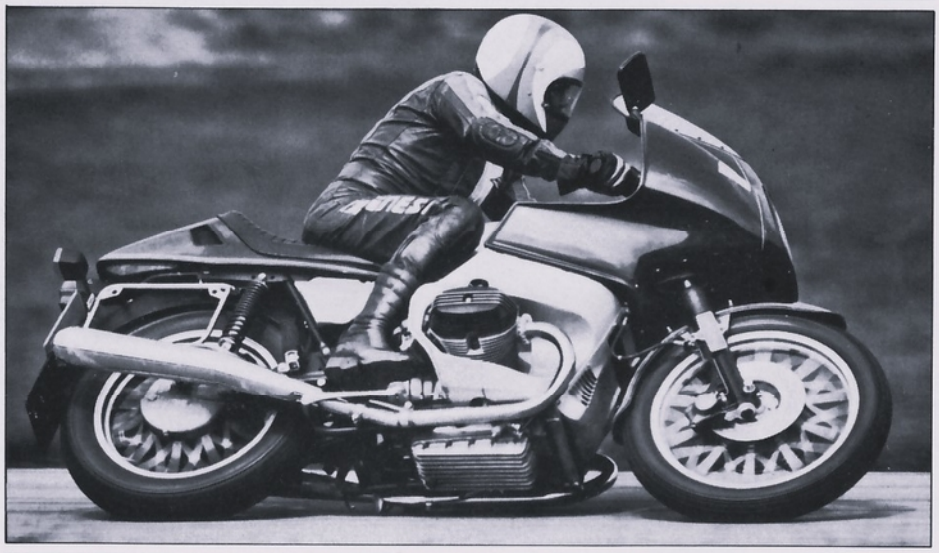
There is a strong parallel between each of the two eras of four- and two-wheel personal transportation. The cyclecar's construction was crude, with small regard for the comfort of the occupants, little or no weather protection, skimpy electrics, the most fundamental of transmissions – chain or belt – and simple braking system. But the cyclecar provided personal transportation which was inexpensive to buy and cheap to run. The light car which evolved from it gave the occupants a reasonable degree of comfort and protection, was enormously more refined as it

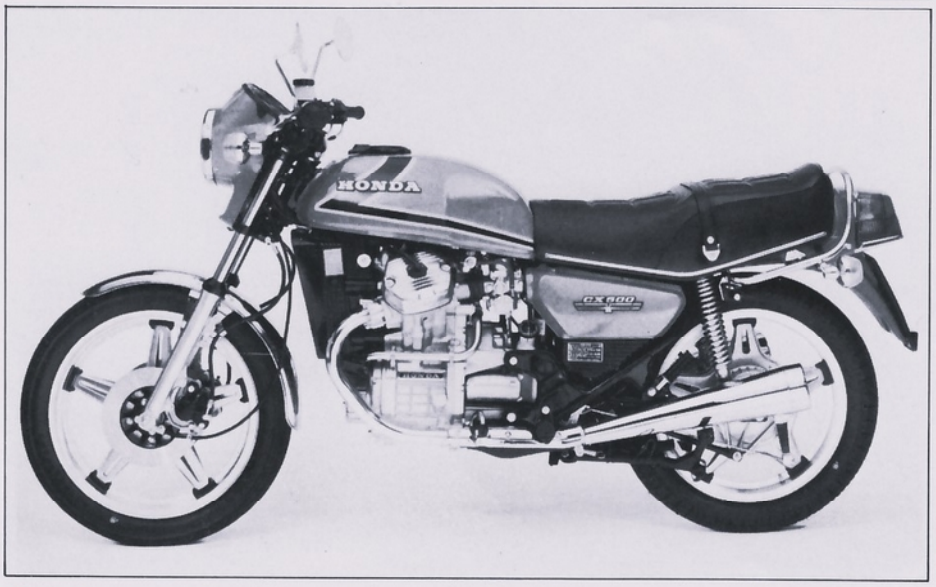


drove its back wheels through a gearbox and shaft in the manner of full-size cars and, in time, it used effective braking and electrical systems.

The modern motor cycle has already gone a long way to emulating the light car's improvements over the cyclecar compared with bikes of the years between the wars. It offers a degree of riding comfort which is a revelation compared with the old girder front fork/rigid frame machine of that era. With the increasing adoption of shaft drive is coming a realisation of the need for effective weather protection and its provision in the form of integral fairings and windscreens is becoming widespread.







Top: Yamaha's massive XS 1100 is powered by a 95 bhp four-cylinder, four-stroke engine. Centre: An efficient fairing enhances the performance of the BMW R 100 RS. Bottom: Probably one of the most practical bikes from Japan, the Honda CX 500 vee-twin.

Even if the adoption of shaft drive is hardly a revolution in motor cycle design, it is certainly the first major development in around 30 years for everyday machines. Yes, it really is that long since motor cycles last underwent a major change. Remember the typical pre-war two-wheeler? It had girder front forks and the rear of the frame was solid, with rigid back wheel location and only the tyre and seat springs to cushion the rider from the bumps of the road. True, sprung rear wheels were being introduced generally in racing machines in the thirties, and long-movement, oil-damped telescopic front forks were just appearing but these were something akin to space-age technology so far as the vast mass of ordinary road machine riders were concerned. And there were, indeed, a mass of them. In 1930 there were nearly three-quarters of a million motor cycles on the roads of Britain as opposed to just over a million private cars. Up to 1924 there had been more motor cycles than cars in the years following World War I. Motor cycles fulfilled the widespread demand for inexpensive personal transport by people whose horizons had been widened immensely by the happenings of a war.

A similar situation arose after World War II and, by 1953, the UK motor cycle population exceeded a million. With this huge expansion in production, by the then-thriving British motor cycle industry, came sophistication. Most significant was the tremendous improvement in suspension, with the virtual universal adoption of telescopic front forks and swinging-arm rear suspension as pioneered by racing machines. And then the whole scene went into stagnation. In the sunny sixties, when general affluence and cheap petrol put the car well within reach of the population group which hitherto had been the mainstay of the motor cycle industry, the British factories went into decline and development slowed almost to a standstill.

Japan's emerging motor cycle industry, led by Honda, launched an effective world-wide drive spear-headed by a successful racing campaign. The entire operation was a simple but clever copy of what the European (mostly British) manufacturers had done before but, with a declining market and an incredible lack of initiative, the British factories did nothing worth-while to combat the threat. With no new machines to beat the Japanese upstarts, they shut down their competitions departments. With no new developments of importance on production machines, they sat numbly watching the Japanese capture the remnants of the shrinking European market and tried to survive on what they could get of the North American leisure scene.

So what did the UK industry do? Precisely nothing, unless you count the Meriden co-operative, still trying to churn out mid-sixties style Triumphs, as being something positive. And all this time, a quite modest factory in Germany had been turning out machines meeting the demands of up-market motor cyclists. Bayerische

turn to page 59

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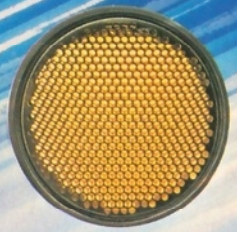

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And the more down they contain, the lighter and warmer they are, and the more they cost.

The only thing that might seem like a drawback with them is that they're extremely difficult to wash. But really, it isn't a problem.

Because unless you have a major accident, quilts only need cleaning about every ten years, and Slumberdown have a special service to take care of it for you.

In the meantime, you simply wash the quilt cover as you'd wash sheets.

SO WHICH OF THE FIVE FILLINGS SHOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Slumberdown make one synthetic and four natural quilts.

So, having decided which type to buy, you have to decide on the exact filling.

These descriptions will help you to compare them:

Super Hi-Loft P3. This is a special Slumberdown patented construction which makes it the only synthetic quilt with "all over" insulation.

It's as warm as pure down, although it's a little heavier, and it's unlikely to last quite as long.

It's washable, and a double costs about £30.

Feather and Down. The lowest priced naturally filled Slumberdown, and our biggest seller.

It weighs a little less than the Hi-Loft, and contains at least 15% down. A double is about £40.

Down and Feather. This quilt has at least 51% down.

It's about 15% warmer and 12% lighter than feather and down. About £55 for a double.

Down. A blend of goose and duck down to ensure consistent quality.

It's the original "warmth without weight" quilt. A double is about £80.

White Goose Down. The ultimate quilt. It's filled entirely with pure white goose down.

It's the warmest, lightest, softest quilt we make. A double will set you back about £100.

And that's about it.

Except that while you're choosing, it's worth remembering that every Slumberdown is covered by a British Standard BS 5335, which applies to both quality and warmth.

So if you decide to go for one of the cheaper ones, you'll really only be talking about the difference between a Jaguar and a Rolls-Royce.

FINALLY, WHERE SHOULD YOU BUY YOUR QUILT?

Nowadays, most chain stores and department stores stock quilts of one kind or another, including Slumberdown.

And most of them have people on their staff who'll be more than happy to answer any questions that maybe we haven't.

But if you're still in any doubt, please don't hesitate to get in touch with the Slumberdown Advisory Service at the address below.

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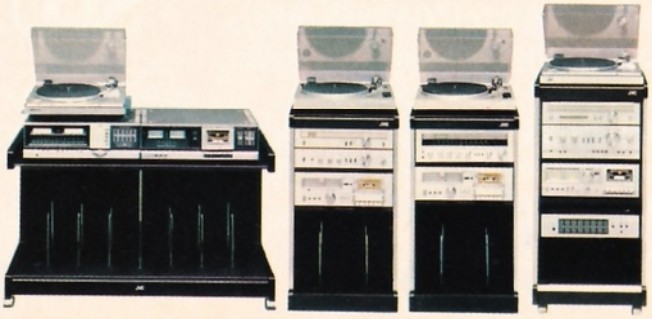

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PENNY

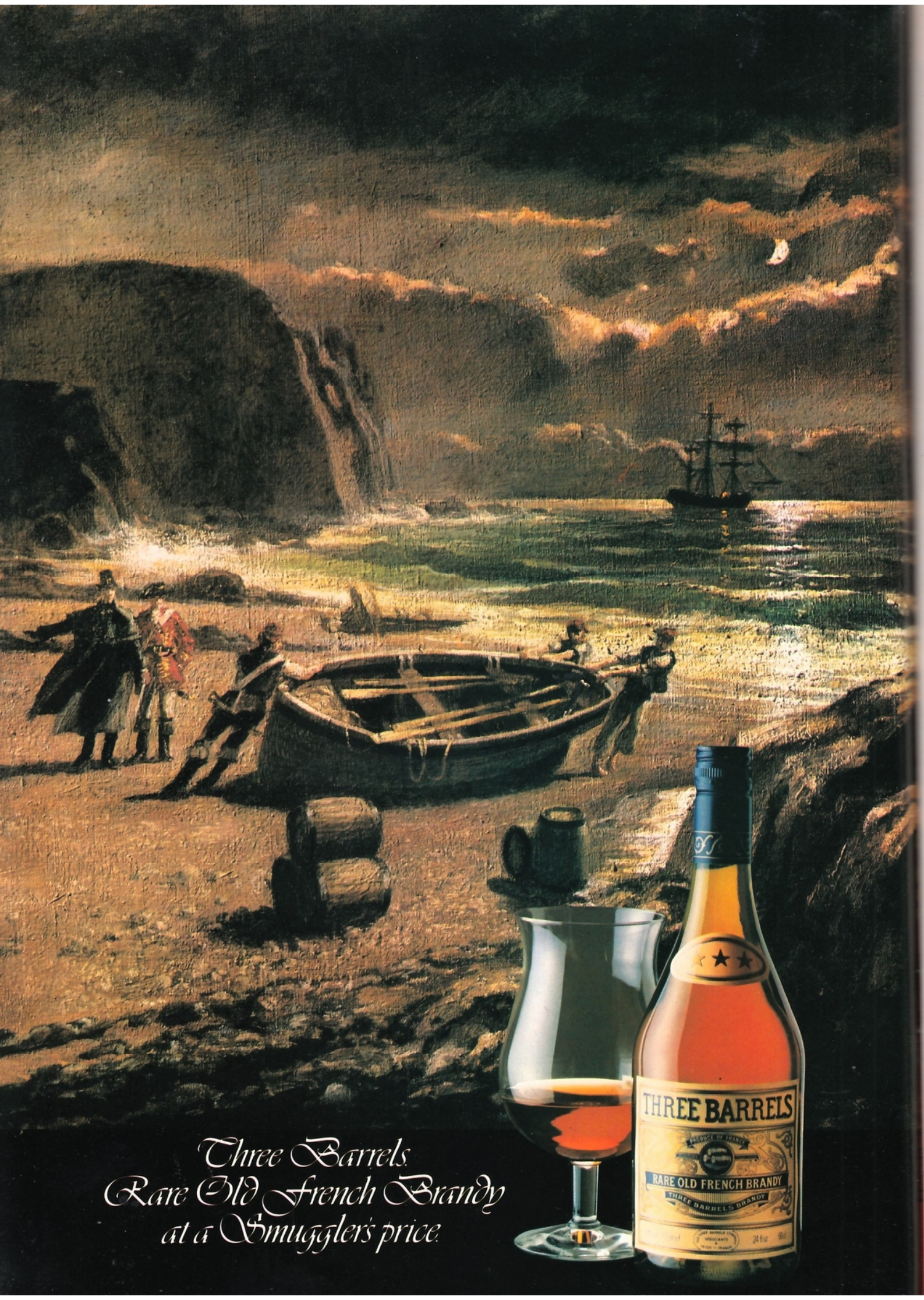
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Pretty Penny Smith always looks forward to November 5th as it means more to her than bonfires and firework parties. For she was born on that date 20 years ago, and her name is associated with Guy Fawkes Night. 'My father tells me he was on his way to visit my mother just after I had been born when he saw some children collecting pennies for the guy. That's when he thought of my name, but I think he may have been joking.' Penny, who has a pert 35–25–35 figure thinks she may have been named Guy if she had been a boy. 'But I like the name.'

Penny works in a bank in Norwich where she rents her own house just a few miles from her parents' home. She enjoys living on her own as it enables her to indulge in her favourite hobby—cooking. Though she has never had any lessons, Penny is quite skilled in the culinary arts, she assures us. 'My

speciality dish is Chinese sweet and sour pork with special fried rice. Once I had a friend round for dinner, but everything burned while I was getting ready. All that I could do was go round to the local take-away restaurant and buy some food. My guest didn't even guess and he told me it was the best he'd had.'

When she is not busy in the kitchen, Penny is keen on walking, and is often found out in the countryside rambling along the footpaths of her native Norfolk. Sometimes she takes a tent and camps out for the night. 'I love the fresh air and the open spaces. It gives you a real feeling of freedom.' Penny occasionally finds a spot for a little nude sunbathing. 'I love the feeling you get when you aren't wearing any clothes, totally relaxed.' She hopes one day to have enough money to be able to spend the winter months in a hot country, lying naked on the beach all day. 'But then I wouldn't be able to have a firework party on my birthday and make the whole affair go with a real bang.'



Three Barrels
Rare Old French Brandy
at a Smuggler's price

Breaking free from their chains

continued from page 46

Motoren Werke (BMW) has been building bikes with shaft drive since the mid-twenties, which is why you can hardly regard shaft drive as a new and revolutionary development.

BMW was in severe financial straits but because the car company, of which the motor cycle concern was a relatively small subsidiary, was concentrating on the wrong sort of machine. BMW had not, in fact, done a great deal to modernise their machines from pre-war designs. They didn't have to. They played around with leading link front forks and could be accused of holding on too long to plunger type rear springing but the basic design was much as it had been in the late thirties.

So what makes a BMW the satisfactory machine which has continued to attract buyers into paying over the odds for two-wheel transport for half a century? First of all, the engineering is excellent to the point where superlatives are used frequently. Then there is the complete integration of design. The shaft drive layout works well because the two cylinders are horizontally opposed (which also means that the cylinder heads poke out neatly into the cooling airstream), so that the crankshaft rotates in the same plane as the shaft taking the drive to the rear hub.

This is not without its problems, however. The straightforward use of a clutch on the end of the crankshaft (as in a car) means that the clutch rotates at the same speed as the engine and it is difficult to secure smooth engagement of the gears. For years, a feature of the BMW motor cycle was the loud clonk every time another gear was selected. Only two years ago did design expertise eliminate this habit.

If shaft drive was virtually universal for cars after World War I, and if BMW could use this system with seemingly complete success from the mid-twenties onwards, why did nearly every other motor cycle manufacturer stick slavishly to the chain as the means for transmitting the power from the engine to the back wheel? Prejudice or even laziness may have come into it a great deal, but the immediate and simple answer can be summed up by a single four-letter word: Cost. Shaft drive, with the apparent need to re-think the entire design and then the cost of tooling up for a completely new machine, was bound to make the whole thing very expensive, or so it seemed. And, make no mistake about it, the roller chain which has been used for most motor cycles over the past 80 years is basically pretty efficient.

Efficient, that is, in transmitting power from one point on a machine to another.

Such considerations, and the ability to continue with designs and manufacturing plant which have existed for years, are strong incentives to avoid a change to shaft drive. However, the chain also has a lot of minus points which increase in severity as the bike gets more powerful. It is a simple truth that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and that mechanical fact is never more evident than in a motor cycle. Modern superbikes are very powerful indeed, with outputs exceeding 100 horsepower in many cases. Roller chains kept within reasonable dimensional bounds can stretch very easily if you put the full power through regularly. Beef them up to an appreciably bigger size and you have a monster transmission of unacceptable weight and cost. If they stretch they will distort the sprocket teeth with which their rollers are enmeshed and then one is faced with buying not only a new chain but new sprockets, too, and replacing the sprockets is much more time consuming than putting on a new chain, and time means money. Chains also need lubrication if they are to survive the heavily loaded grinding motion which occurs every time each little roller engages with the matching tooth of the sprocket.

But because the chains usually live out in the open, oil or grease from the chain mixes with grit, dust, water and mud from the road beneath, and the resultant amalgam is absolutely filthy.

When they are worn, too, chains make a nasty, thrashing noise which is accentuated when they are slack. And, with a modern machine having a swinging arm rear end, the chains have to be slack most of the time to allow for those brief moments when the suspension movement puts the two sprockets at their maximum distance apart. It's all pretty crude really.

Well, motor cyclists are supposed to be a

turn to page 123

DO YOU WANT A DATE?

MAYFAIR'S NEW COLOUR CALENDAR

Dawn Rimmington, the sexy 20-year-old, admitted to being a practical joker when her delightful 35B–24–36 figure graced the pages of Vol 13 No 10. But we aren't joking when we tell you that in our 1980 full-colour Mayfair calendar you will find twelve of the most beautiful girls ever to appear in our pages. We have chosen these girls to delight you throughout 1980 and at only £1.80 each – including first-class postage and plain wrapping – it's top value. So mail the coupon today.

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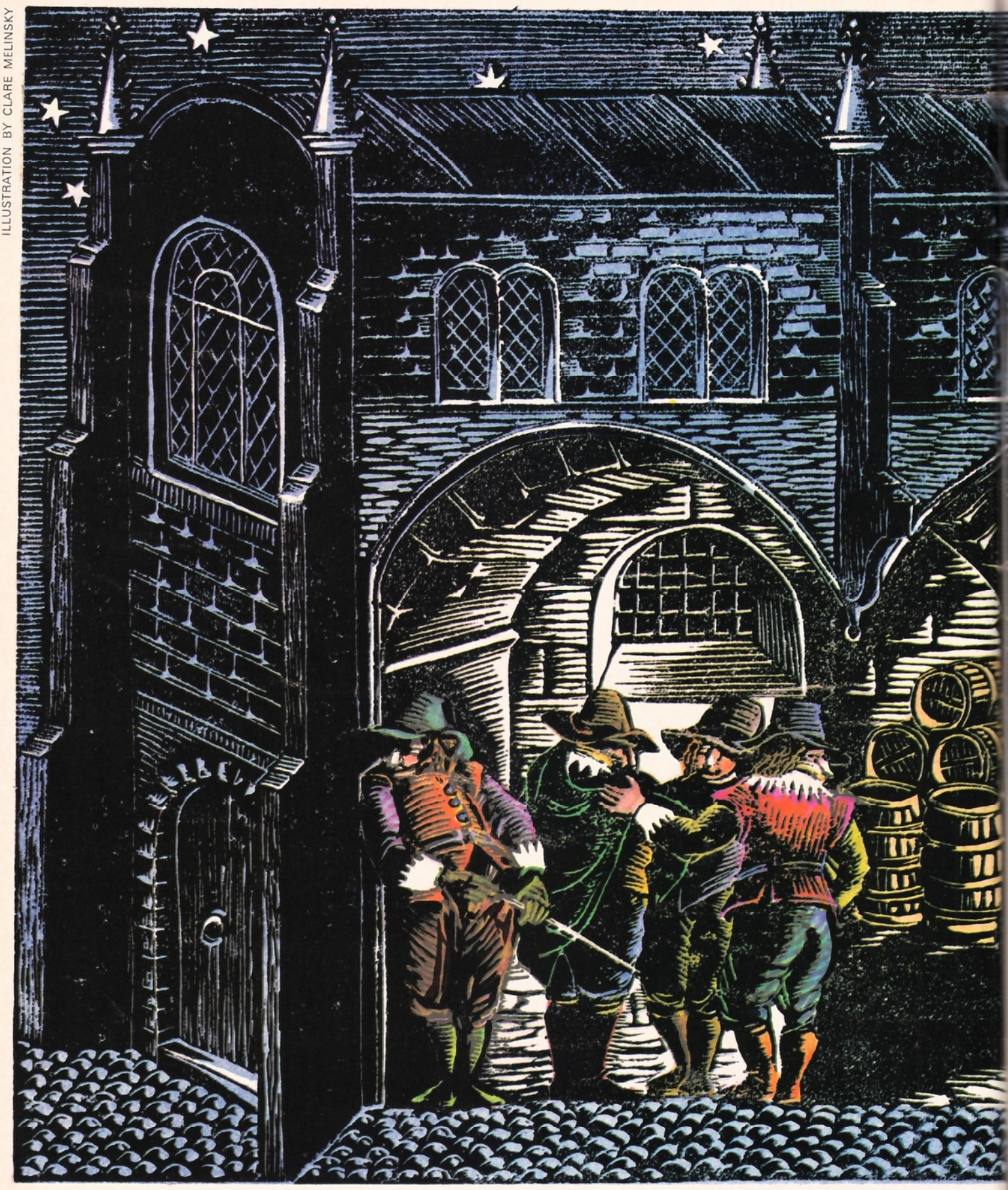
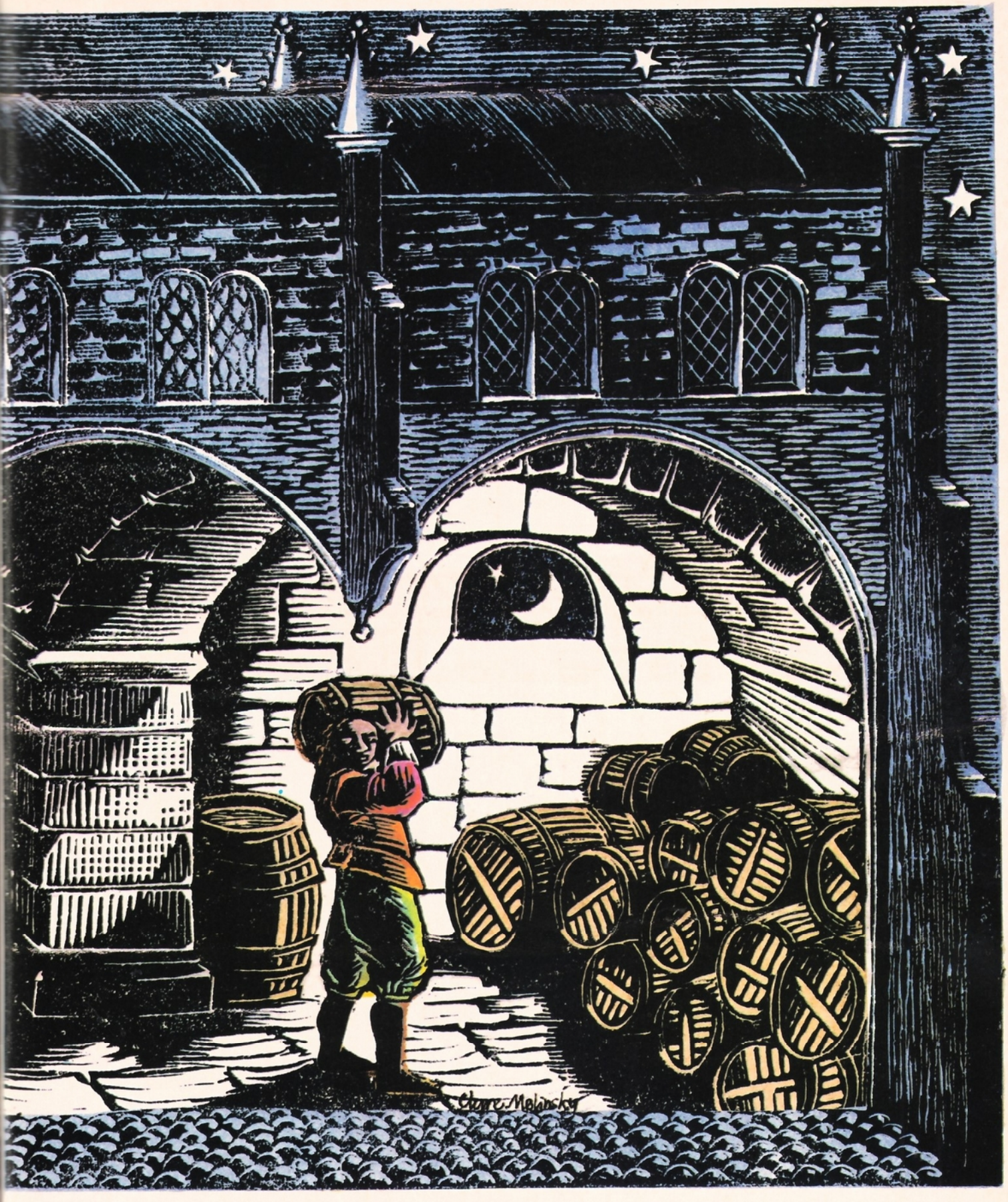


ILLUSTRATION BY CLARE MELINSKY

THE DEVILS IN THE VAULTS

Three dozen barrels of gunpowder lay ready in the dank cellars below the House of Lords. The plan was to blow up King James, the Queen and all central authority. But it failed. Gerald Cole examines the real story behind the Gunpowder Plot



By the dim yellow glare of a single lantern, the man in the cellar worked quickly, his shadow dancing grotesquely against the rough brick walls and high, beamed roof that enclosed him. Dressed incongruously in tall hat, porter's smock, high boots and spurs – though none of these did much to keep out the raw, dank air of the autumn night – he systematically removed the topmost bundles from a huge pile of firewood, coals and timber. Beneath, liberally strewn with heavy iron bars, were exposed 36 barrels of hard packed gunpowder.

Snatching up a broaching tool, the tall, auburn-bearded man pierced two of them, allowing powder to trickle out. In a moment a powder train stretched across the cellar floor. With a grunt of satisfaction, he paused and consulted his pocket watch. Almost midnight, at least 12 hours before he was due to insert a slow burning match, eight or nine inches long, into the train, giving him 15 minutes to make good

his escape, before the exploding powder reduced the vault, the building above and a considerable area around to rubble.

The air in the cellar stank. His work done for the moment, he needed to clear his head. Leaving his lantern burning, he locked the vault door behind him, crossed the passage beyond and walked into the courtyard it led to, straight into the arms of Sir Thomas Knevett, a Westminster magistrate, a squad of armed men – and the pages of English history.

The date was November 5, 1605; the place, the Jacobean House of Lords. And the man, a 35-year-old Yorkshire-born soldier called Guy – though he preferred 'Guido' – Fawkes. After a violent struggle, he was dragged back to the cellar and the powder discovered. He freely admitted that he had intended to blow up King James, the Queen and all in the House of Lords above when Parliament opened the following day. But he gave his name as 'John Johnson', servant of Thomas Percy, leaseholder of the cellar and a Court official who was already under some suspicion of treason by the authorities. It was only on November 9, his body broken by thumbscrew and rack in the dungeons of the Tower of London, that Guy Fawkes revealed both the crucial role he had played in the Gunpowder Plot and the names of his fellow conspirators, having given them all ample time to flee the country.

Literally 'a cloak and dagger' affair, the Plot occupies a unique place in Britain's history, and folk myth. No other political event is commemorated annually, partly due to the authorities threatened, who still have the cellars of Parliament searched to this day. And it was only in 1859 that a special November 5 deliverance service was finally removed from the Book of English Prayer.

But who were the Gunpowder conspirators, and what forced them to resort to such desperate measures?

There were five main protagonists when the plot first got underway: Robert Catesby, Thomas Winter, Thomas Percy, John Wright and Guy Fawkes. All of them were young men in their thirties and forties; all, with the exception of Fawkes, sons or younger sons of the English landed gentry, who were also related to each other: Catesby and Winter were cousins, Wright and Percy were brothers-in-law and also related to Catesby. But, most important of all, despite being born or brought up as Protestants, all had been converted to Roman Catholicism. It was not a wise choice of religion for a 17th century Englishman.

At that time religious belief and society were indistinguishable: everyone regarded the social order, with the monarch at the head, as divinely ordained. If a subject chose to worship differently from his king he wasn't just following his individual conscience, he was committing treason. When Elizabeth I established England as one of the strongest Protestant nations in Europe, she was, in 1570, formerly deposed by the Pope. That meant that all her Roman Catholic subjects were immediately relieved of their oaths of allegiance, transforming them overnight from loyal citizens to potential fifth columnists of the papacy or any Catholic nation who might care to invade. Catholic Spain tried and failed with the armada of 1588 and there were numerous assassination attempts.

The result was a series of savage anti-Catholic laws. When Elizabeth died in 1603 Catholic services were forbidden and all Catholic priests, and those who harboured them, regarded as guilty of high treason. Failure to attend Anglican Church was punishable by a monthly fine of £20 and persistent offenders could lose two-thirds of their lands or even their liberty.

But for the English 'recusants', as the unrepentant Catholics came to be called, the accession of James I, already James VI of Protestant Scotland, seemed to bring a glimmer of hope. James was a scholar with the often confusing ability to sympathise warmly with whoever he happened to be speaking to; as a result he seemed unusually tolerant for a man of his time. For the first years of his reign, however, he was anxious to placate Catholic fears: the Pope hadn't deposed him yet and he wanted peace with Catholic Spain. But no sooner had James relaxed the anti-Catholic laws than the position appeared suddenly

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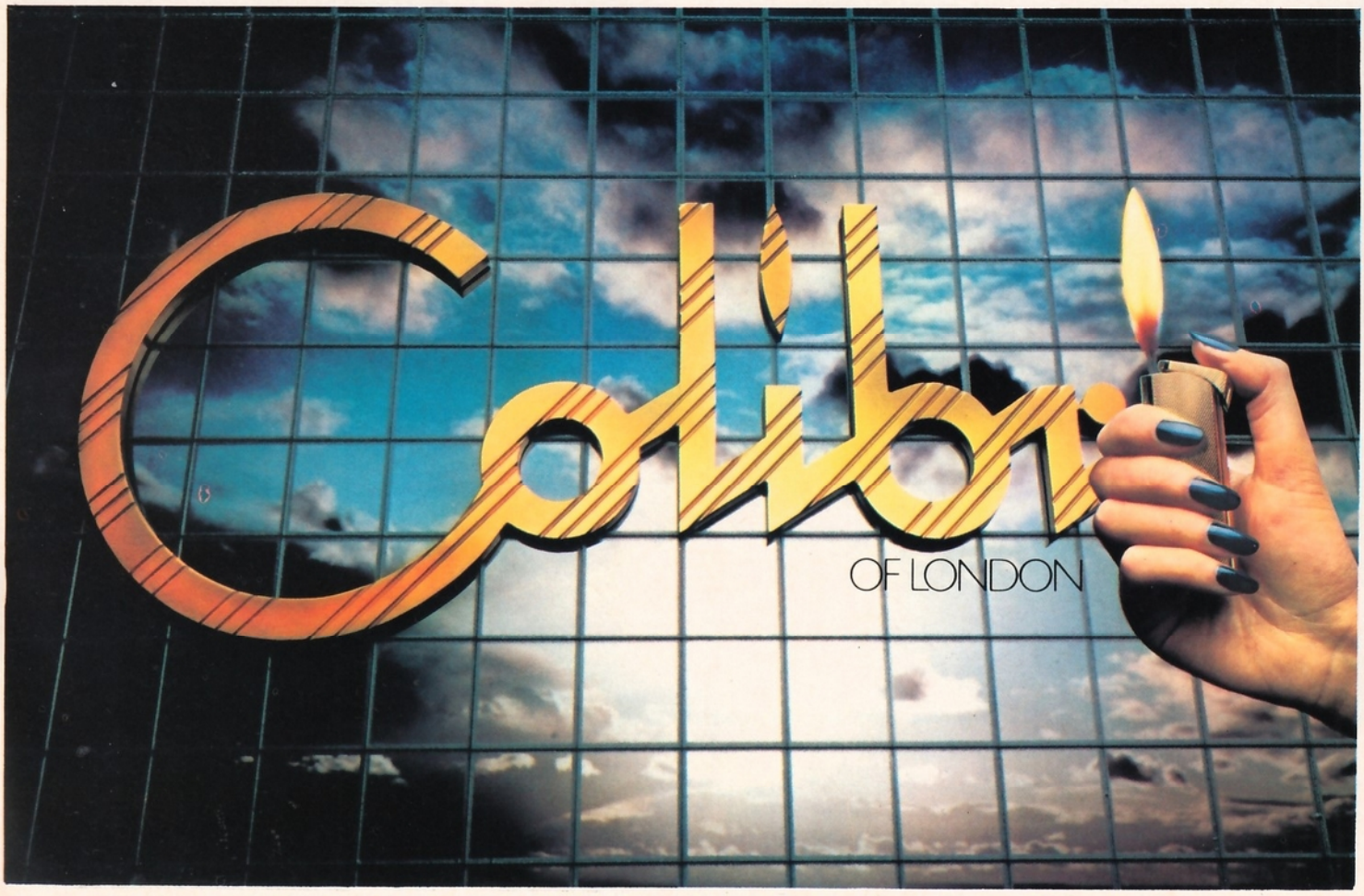

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The devils in the vaults

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to worsen. Secret recusants came out into the open, giving the impression of an upsurge in Catholicism. Militant Jesuits – members of the papacy's often less than scrupulous missionary order – increased their activities. Even the Queen turned Catholic.

Panicking, James back-pedalled wildly. In February 1604 he ordered all priests to leave England; in November the anti-Catholic laws were vigorously re-imposed. The honeymoon was over and for a fanatical young Roman Catholic like Robert Catesby it seemed that improvement now demanded violence.

In 1604 Catesby was 31 years old. Tall, invariably well-dressed and charming, he was the son of a Warwickshire knight who had converted to the Catholic faith and suffered accordingly. Young Catesby had first turned to politics at Oxford, where his religion had barred him from a degree. Dynamic, persuasive, but often impetuous and capable of extreme ruthlessness, he was acknowledged the instigator and ringleader of the Plot.

He first outlined it to Thomas Winter and John Wright in an isolated lodging house on the border of the Lambeth marsh in March 1604. The assassination of James I, he had decided, was not enough in itself: the whole apparatus of Protestant government must be swept away at one moment. This could be done when king and ministers were conveniently assembled for the opening of Parliament. Catesby's plan was to place gunpowder charges beneath the House of Lords, having first tunnelled a mine directly beneath.

It was not an original idea. Less than 50 years earlier Lord Darnley, Mary Queen of Scot's husband, had had his house at Kirk O' Fields in Edinburgh blown from beneath him by would-be assassins. And conspirators in the Hague had recently planned to dispose of the Council of Holland in a similar way. Thomas Winter, however, was unhappy with the plan. King James' measures had served to exacerbate an existing split in the recusant community, between the activists, largely inspired by the Jesuits, who wanted change at any price, and those who preferred to keep their heads down, biding their time until the political climate changed. Winter inclined towards the latter, what he called 'the gentler way.' A Spanish negotiating team were on their way to London to seal a new peace treaty. Winter wanted to contact them first to see if concessions for the English Roman Catholic community could be included. A short, powerfully-built man, he was an experienced diplomat and linguist, the best educated of the conspirators. His argument won only partial favour with Catesby; he could gladly meet the Spaniards but while in Europe he should also enlist an experienced soldier, skilled in the use of gunpowder.

Two months later Thomas Winter stepped back onto English soil at Greenwich, the smooth but evasive words of the Spanish envoy he had met in Brussels still ringing in his ears. With him was Guy Fawkes.

Born of middle class parents in York, where he had gone to school with the third original conspirator, John Wright, Fawkes had been converted to Catholicism before his majority and in 1593, at the age of 23, left England to join the army of Catholic Spain, then fighting Protestant forces in Flanders. Though never a brilliant soldier, he soon gained a reputation for courage, loyalty and fanatical devotion to the cause, as well as considerable experience in the use of gunpowder.

It was these qualities that caused his immediate commanders – exiled English Catholics like himself – to recommend Fawkes to Winter as 'a confident gentleman'. But undoubtedly the deciding factor in Winter's choice was Fawkes' 11-year absence from England. While the Catholic sympathies of Catesby, Winter and Wright would have been hard to conceal from the authorities, Fawkes was known to no one; in London, in particular, he would be able to move freely, arousing no suspicion.

Moreover, when he first arrived back in England, he had no real idea himself as to why he was there, only that he was needed for something of enormous importance for the faith. He learned the truth on May 24.

All five conspirators met for the first time together in a crumbling lodging house in a street near St Clement's Inn, known, with somewhat grim irony, as Butcher's Row; a slaughterhouse had stood there in medieval times. Catesby, who had vetted Fawkes at a brief, earlier meeting, re-iterated the necessity of violent action. This was not just for Fawkes' benefit. The second newcomer, Thomas Percy, had been recruited earlier that month largely because of his family connection with the Earl of Northumberland.

This not only gave him access to the Court, where he was a Gentleman of Honour, but had made him steward of Northumberland's northern estates – a source of considerable funds.

All five men now swore a solemn oath on a bible to keep secret and follow through to the end whatever plan would be revealed. Afterwards they went to an upper room where a fugitive Jesuit priest, Father Gerard, said Mass and gave them each the Sacrament as further confirmation of their vow. Downstairs again, without the priest, full details were revealed. The plot was under way.

At that time the House of Lords was a two storey building 77 feet long by about 24 feet wide. The Lords met on the upper floor; the lower had originally been part of the kitchens of the Palace of Whitehall. Next door was a small, secluded dwelling known as 'Whiniard's tenement' since, as Crown property, its leaseholding was looked after by John Whiniard, Keeper of the King's Wardrobe. At Catesby's prompting, Percy had been using his influence at Court to have the existing tenant removed: he argued that as a regular attender at Court he needed to live as close as possible. On May 25, 1604, he succeeded and moved in at a rental of £12 per annum.

Yet it was not until December 11 that it was decided to begin the tunnelling, almost six months after Parliament had broken up. By the end of the first week they had not even reached the foundations of the Parliament building, which were themselves over nine feet thick and solid stone. At this rate Parliament, due to open on February 7, would be sitting long before the tunnel was finished. They decided to bring a Robert Keyes over from Lambeth and recruit another man, Christopher Wright, John's brother and also a former schoolmate of Guy Fawkes. Yet, even working in shifts day and night, they had made little progress by December 20. It is probable that they would have abandoned the Plot altogether but for an unexpected change of circumstances. Just before Christmas King James decided to prorogue Parliament until October 3 the following year. The official reason was an outbreak of plague in the provinces. With some relief, the conspirators broke up for a brief holiday, allowing Catesby the opportunity to

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This print from an anonymous engraving depicts Guido (Guy) Fawkes and his fellow conspirators.

For appearances sake. 'GB' fine shirts and trousers.

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LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

When you look at 22-year-old Lesley Cooper, the phrase 'English Rose' springs to mind. She has that elusive beauty which is difficult to explain in words but which is typical of our home-grown lasses. So it is not surprising to learn that she was born and bred in a small village in the heart of our English countryside outside Aylesbury.

Lesley, who has a well-formed 36–24–36 figure, is perfectly happy to live away from the hustle and bustle of towns in the peaceful village community where she helps her parents run their grocery store. 'A lot of my friends couldn't wait to get away and move up to London, but I will take the rural life any day. We might not have discos and bowling alleys, but I would soon get tired of the noise and the crowds.'

Lesley had her taste of the bright lights when she spent three years at Leeds University studying English. She enjoyed the social life and was often to be found dancing the night away at discos or parties. But she found three years of that to be enough. 'I'm not a country bumpkin, I just love the life here.' Lesley gets to meet quite a few people as her village features in guidebooks.

Lesley's favourite pastime is bird-watching, and at weekends she can often be found in the fields or woods with a pair of binoculars. She prefers to go alone as too much noise tends to frighten them away. 'Once I took along a boy I used to go out with, but the only bird he was interested in was me. I tried to concentrate on my hobby, but the grass was rather soft . . . Anyway I didn't record many birds in my notebook that afternoon.' Lesley is also an animal lover and an active member of the local branch of the RSPCA. She always helps on their flag day by going round with a collecting box. 'I just can't stand seeing animals being mistreated. I suppose I am very soft-hearted. Those old Lassie films on the TV always make me weep buckets and when I took my little sister to see Bambi I cried more than she did.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LESLEY COOPER

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LESLEY COOPER

After flying in on a wing
you need is stewed tea or w

and a prayer the last thing arm beer.

By 1945, Southern Comfort had found its way from the sleepy banks of the Mississippi to the somewhat busier surroundings of the English countryside.

Many American servicemen, fearing they might not get used to endless cups of tea or pints of mild and bitter, brought with them their own particular kind of refreshment.

Southern Comfort.

One such group of men were the crew of a B-17 Flying Fortress stationed in Suffolk in 1945.

They had flown many missions together, and no matter how much damage their 'Fortress' sustained, it had always managed to get them home.

So there were many occasions on which the crew would decide it was time to sample a glass of Southern Comfort.

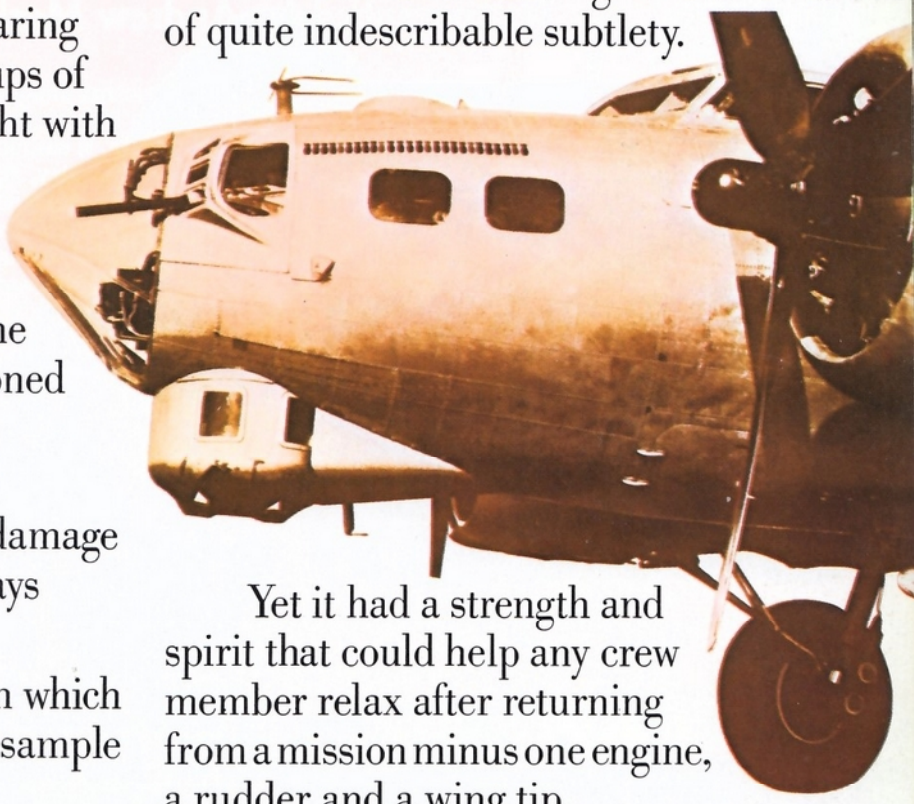
The alternatives didn't quite provide the same sustenance as a Southern Comfort blended with ice and soda.

It was a New Orleans man who had invented the drink some eighty years earlier.

The recipe he devised ran to more than 100 pages.

It was the essence of smoothness.

It had a rich amber glow and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.



Yet it had a strength and spirit that could help any crew member relax after returning from a mission minus one engine, a rudder and a wing tip.

It was perhaps because of this strength and spirit that the crew named their B-17 Flying Fortress the 'Southern Comfort.'

Fortunately for the American servicemen, when they eventually left England for home, they left behind the stewed tea and warm beer.

Fortunately for us they also left behind Southern Comfort.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri.

For over 30 years the Donald Healey hallmark has been stamped on a range of sports cars, culminating in the Big Austin Healey 3000

THE HEALEYS ARE ALIVE with the sound of motors...

Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

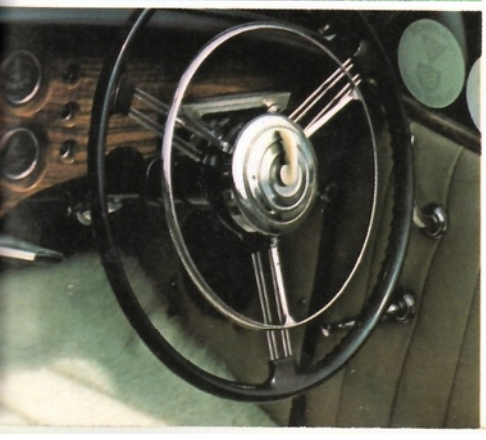
The important thing to enthusiasts is that the name Healey means sports-cars and nothing else. It also conjures up memories of the Big Healey, a tough, rough sports motor-car capable of mixing it with the best of the then-current productions.

I have dealt previously in these columns with how it all began. How that arch-enthusiast Donald Healey, born at Perranporth in Cornwall in 1898, gained his first experience behind a steering wheel of his own in an air-cooled ABC. This was an exciting flat-twin device of considerable poke. At that time there generally were light small-cars and heavy small-cars, but the ABC came between the two. It obviously taught Donald Healey a great deal, and whetted his appetite for cars with go in them.

Before he owned his ABC he had made good showing in a local speed hill-climb with a big six-cylinder American Buick, so it was perhaps quite a compliment that he was prepared to drive his primitive ABC in the 1923 London to Land's End Trial, one of the classic contests of those days. A push-rod flew off the engine on Porlock

These pristine Big Healeys are all examples from the Austin Healey 3000 range produced from 1959 until 1968. They succeeded the similar looking Austin Healey 100 Four which appeared in 1952, and for many enthusiasts the Healey 3000 epitomized the great British sports car. In its most potent Mk III guise the 2,912 cc six cylinder engine produced 148 bhp which was sufficient to propel the car to 50 mph in seven seconds and a top speed of 121 mph. Fuel consumption was 20 mpg.

Launched in 1950, the Healey Tickford (immediately below) had a 2.4-litre Riley engine which pushed the car to a top speed of 102 mph. The Healey Silverstones (right and bottom left) were road-going racers which appeared in the showrooms 30 years ago. They were aimed at amateur racers and required very little modification for the track. Stiffer safety legislation has heralded the end for the walnut facia, but they were standard on the 1951 Alvis Healey 3-litre (centre and lower right).



Hill and later the entire outfit seized up solid.

This is how Donald discovered about engines and cars, leading him on to the planning and manufacture of very sporting motor-cars at Warwick, of Warwick Castle fame. Before that Don Healey had achieved many notable performances and had enjoyed adventures innumerable, in rallies and in trials on the Continent in Triumph and Invicta cars. The first Healey car, as such, came in 1945/46, and apart from Healey the people in at the beginning were A C Sampietro who had served his apprenticeship with none other than Alfa Romeo in Italy, and the renowned RAFVR pilot James Watt. Others naturally joined in as this ambitious post-war project got going. Where to build it, after Triumph had turned the idea down, was one of numerous urgent and pressing problems. Peter Skelton came to the rescue, offering his Westland Garage at Hereford, and it was there that this enthusiastic team built the first-off, which they referred to simply as The Car. But later they named this original Healey the Westland and when we motor-noters were summoned to see it we found it carried an imaginary Registration plate, VVV 214. They just happened to have those digits lying about in the garage!

It is significant that the design of the chassis for this first Healey was so correct that it was used in the same form for subsequent models right up to 1954, with one (long-wheelbase) exception.

It should be explained that two versions were offered of this pioneering Healey. One was this open-bodied or roadster

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By Appointment
to Her Majesty The Queen
Suppliers of Martini Vermouth
M & R-Martini & Rossi Ltd. London

By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth
The Queen Mother
Suppliers of Brandy & Martini Vermouth
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Forecast: Wet and Dry.

When you come to think of it, rain has much to recommend it.

Forced to remain indoors, one relies on one's own resources.

Which, with a bit of foresight, should include plenty of ice and Martini Dry, with its clean, fresh blend of fine wines and herbs.

Thus, every raincloud has a silver lining, because when it rains, it pours.

MARTINI REGD Extra Dry.

The right one. Just by itself.

Only carefully selected wines and herbs are good enough for the world's most beautiful drink.

Healeys

continued from page 81

Westland, the other was a saloon, named the Elliot. For some unremembered reason, or as was the usual ploy of car manufacturers to conceal production runs, the first Healey chassis was numbered 1500. Healey used the well-proven Riley 2.4-litre power unit and was helped in its development by his old friend from Riley, Vic Leverett. This engine gave 104 bhp at 4,500 rpm when endowed with twin SU 'gas-works' carburettors, plus an improved means of getting the exhaust gases from the efficient hemispherical combustion chambers. Also, the fully inclined inlet and exhaust valves were prodded by short, light push-rods from two base-chamber camshafts.

To accommodate this excellent engine a box-section chassis frame weighing only 160 lb was contrived. It had impressive looking, and functioning, trailing-arm independent front suspension, employing coil springs, light-alloy arms, and large ball and roller bearings – the genius of Donald Healey at work. There were ingenious aspects also to the steering-gear, and the Healey was damped by Girling shock-absorbers and anchored by Lockheed hydraulic brakes.

All that added up to a distinctive and individualistic motor-car. Given the aero-dynamic bodies, panelled in magnesium-alloy over the old-time traditional wooden framework, the new make was also very impressive to regard. Even better, these Healeys would *go*. For instance, the first Elliot saloon did its quarter-mile run from a standing start, through the gears, in a time of 17.8 seconds, which compares very favourably with 1970s motor-cars. Its timed top speed was 104 mph.

The motor journals of the day could publicise such desirable performance, but when I asked Cecil Clutton to do so for *Motor Sport* magazine some time later, it was just bad luck that the carburettors fell off and this 30/98 vintage-Vauxhall-orientated gentleman left the works in disgust. But more to the point, one of these timed runs on the Milan-Como autoroad gave the standard Elliot Healey saloon a speed over the quarter mile of 104.65 mph and a standing-start quarter mile again in 17.8 seconds – quick stuff from a 1946 closed car.

The new Healey had been effectively launched and it was soon involved in International rallying, which was very much Donald Healey's scene. They even raced them, Tommy Wisdom beating an Alfa Romeo to a class-victory in the great Mille Miglia. So the new car from Hereford, and later Warwick, was taking on the best of the Italian sports-cars. The Healey name was so well-established by then that a more sporting model, the Silverstone, followed. It kept much the same chassis, as well as the Riley engine and transmission, but the weight distribution was improved, the suspension stiffened, and a simple sports two-seater body was used. The Silverstone was intended to be raced and rallied by amateur drivers without the car requiring any modification, rather as Ettore Bugatti had sold the public catalogued-racing-cars in earlier days. The Healey Silverstone ran from early in 1949 to September 1950, a total of 105 being made. The cost was less than £1,000, plus the purchase tax of the period. I remember enjoying a thrash in the new sports Healey round the then-new Goodwood race circuit. It was a nice, simple car, that had ample rugged performance and sat on the road well.

The Healey Silverstone was raced and rallied with success, like its forebears, and Donald Healey soon found that he was able to woo a wider market as his cars became well known. Among the many models to emerge under this policy was the Tickford, another was the Abbott, both replacing the Westland and Elliot styles. Panelled in aluminium, these used the latest, or C-type, Healey chassis, but retained the easily-recognisable Healey radiator grille which had been changed on the Silverstone for a cowl enclosing the headlamps behind the grille. These cars were beautifully appointed and were deservedly popular, the Tickford saloon selling a total of 241 when the run ended early in 1954, against 77 Abbott drop-head coupés.

It was the demise of that useful Riley power pack that led to the introduction of the Big Healey, a most exciting classic sports-car, even by today's standards. To replace the Riley motive power Donald Healey took on the Austin A90 engine and bought his back axles from Salisbury. This brought the car to the attention of Austin's chairman, Sir Leonard Lord, and when orders arrived in astonishing numbers, to the tune of some seven-million-dollars' worth of business from America alone, the Austin Motor Company stepped in and built Healeys, calling them Austin-Healeys. Healey did the drawings and the development work, Austin supplied the engines and other parts, as well as building the product. It was an overnight success.

These four-cylinder Austin-Healeys, such as the famous Austin-Healey 100, led on to the fiercest of them all, the late, great Austin-Healey 3000. Because Austin had brought out their C-type version of the British Motor Corporation six-cylinder power unit, with a capacity of 2.9 litres instead of the former 2.6 litres, Healey had what he wanted to power a really impressive sports-car. It arrived in 1959, followed in May 1961 by the awe-inspiring triple-carburettor version, a case of adopting for the customers what the company had been using on their competition Big Healeys the year before. The first Austin-Healey 3000 version had a 2,912 cc edition of Austin's large 'cooking' engine, with a compression ratio of above 9:1, which gave a nice flow of power, up to 124 bhp, compared with 117 bhp from the 100-Six model.

The 3000 was primarily a fast two-seater, but a sort of compact car for four was also available and eventually, a convertible. After a while, to facilitate amateur tuning, twin carburettors replaced the triple gas-guzzlers, for a loss of but a couple of those hairy horses, the suspension was stiffened and the aerodynamics improved, to make this a very memorable British sports-car indeed. As value-for-money in terms of high-performance, thrilling handling and plenty of fresh air if you kept the top down, there was nothing to better it.

Moreover, the Austin-Healey 3000 had an illustrious competition career. Pat Moss bravely tamed a big one, tuned to a far higher degree than those you bought from an Austin dealer, and names of events such as the Alpine Trials, the Liège, Sebring racing, Silverstone, the RAC Rally, and many more come easily to mind as I recall and contemplate in memory – or better still if I could find and afford one – driving on the road one of these low-built, fierce, definitely-sports motor-cars.

But if there had been a Big Healey to enthral the race and rally spectators and to lift the men from the boys on winding English roads, there had, I suppose, to be a baby Austin-Healey. It came in the guise of the well-remembered and still sometimes encountered Sprite. Just as Austin had produced a very suitable power unit for the big'un, so the BMC series-A 948 cc four-cylinder engine used for the Austin A35, with push-rod-operated overhead-valves like Big Brother, was the basis of an economy Austin-Healey sports car. It was a fascinating mite, and cheap to buy and run. Because it was hoped to use retractable headlamps, as on the original 1946 Healey Roadster, the famous frog-eye name emerged, because those lamps never did retract on the Sprite but stuck up like a frog's peepers. Now, with cars regarded as financial investments, it's the Frog-eye Sprites they look for.

Anyway, the Austin-Healey Sprite was born in 1958 and the model ran up to very recent times, joined by an identical twin called an MG Midget. The first of the Sprite series had a run of one under 49,000 and with the Mk III came the beginning of shoe-horning in slightly bigger engines. This immediate demand for a compact, game and amusing little sports package can be compared with the demand for the Big Healey 3000, of which 42,916 were made, all at Abingdon, as were the Sprites.

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Count Zichy recalls

The day my high-flying blonde nearly nosedived us to disaster

She was blonde and sexy and only a novice pilot. But of course I said yes when she asked me to be her first ever passenger . . .

They say that when a man becomes infatuated with a woman his work suffers, and if he becomes infatuated with his work his woman suffers. If he becomes infatuated with both *he* suffers, because no man can serve two masters – or mistresses – and if he tries he will drive himself into premature old age if lucky, and if unlucky into the grave.

For a quarter of a century of my life I had two passions: flying and blondes. I learned to fly at Brooklands in 1936, became hooked and would go to any lengths to keep myself airborne and, finance-wise, sufficiently independent to do so. Blondes I always had a weakness for, to put it mildly, and being a bachelor would go to any lengths to – er, well, yes. Singly the two passions are harmless enough but combined they constitute a recipe for disaster. There are entries in my flying log like 'lost in fog, landed in field out of petrol, vis. 20 yds, ugh'. On that occasion I was en route to a blonde located at the far side of a particularly persistent bad weather belt. But of all the idiotic, head-in-need-of-examining escapades there is one in my log under 'Remarks': 'B's 1st pass. Kerrist!' If ever there was a catalyst for a cataclysm this was it.

I had bought myself a second-hand Puss-Moth three-seater high-wing monoplane, known affectionately to all and sundry as 'Jacksie' on account of the registration

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DOBSON

DF1

mark 'G-AAXY', and air-toured the Continent clocking up hours. Flying and air touring in those days was a far cry from the technically-aided, radio-assisted, directional - finding - computer - controlled science it is today. RT on private aircraft was unknown and what occurred after take-off in the sky was a sweet secret between the pilot, his Maker, his aircraft's maker, the elements and his laundry. Needless to say, under such conditions flying could be hazardous, especially if the pilot happened to be the kind of person of whom his friends whispered somewhat pityingly behind his back: 'He drinks, you know'. This applied to me with a bit of a vengeance and one of my regular watering holes was that jewel of the Bay of Biscay, Biarritz.

In autumn 1938, Biarritz was the focal point of the so-called 'smart set' and 'sun-followers', the equivalent of today's jet-setting 'beautiful people'. It was one of the gayest seasons the resort had ever known. Perhaps they realised that this was a last fling before the holocaust.

There were fabulous parties in the great villas and neighbouring chateaux, in the hotels, the Casino . . . money was flung about like scraps of paper during a paperchase. The resort was dotted with discreet villas where at all hours of the day or night one could whisper the password 'une chambre, s'il vous plait', mount the stairs unseen with one's chosen partner, spend a few minutes or an hour in a room known to the British contingent as 'B and B' – Bed and Bidet – return to the party, and rejoin one's official companion as if one had been sitting this one out in the garden, wandering around the terrace or been to the loo. One could nip off four or five times a night if so desired. There was unlimited obliging talent available and it depended entirely on one's stamina what one did with it.

In those days Biarritz was a small bumpy grass field like many others of its kind, the control and management of which was in the capable hands of M. Gaston, who was also secretary of the Flying Club, a small wooden hut with an office, a bar run by Mme Gaston, some rickety tables and chairs on the area outside, and a very tattered windsock badly in need of darning. M. Gaston was also the Chief (and only) Instructor of the Flying School which proudly sported two ancient tandem biplanes, similar to our Tiger Moth only bigger and clumsier. Scotch tape not having been invented at the time, they were held together mainly by bits of string and sticking plaster. But they actually flew – God alone knows why. And M. Gaston enrolled pupils and people actually came and asked him to teach them to fly. . .!

The prevailing wind on the plateau where the airfield is situated is westerly and fairly constant in autumn, blowing inland from the Atlantic over the Bay of Biscay. The airfield's main and only suitably long runway lay 90° to 270° and usually one landed East to West. Woe betide any pilot who had to land when a thunder or hailstorm tangled with the not too distant Pyrenees. The air cooled off in a matter of minutes and the wind backed with a wallop to 180° which meant approaching from the North over some fairly high trees, a village church tower and touching down on a totally inadequate length of grass and pulling up smartly in time to avoid pranging into the corrugated tin hangar on the windward side. I harboured an intense aversion for that approach and preferred to land and take-off cross-wind providing it didn't exceed 15-20 knots. It helped, of course, if one happened to be sober at the time, but owing to the frantic activity beside the swimming pool, and in the great villas and neighbouring chateaux, sobriety was a state which it was difficult to sustain for any length of time and on such rare occasions it qualified for the description of 'hangover' and was only temporary.

Within minutes of landing I was caught up in the whirlpool and whisked away to a palatial villa in the hills where a poolside cocktail party was in full spate. I knew most of the people; they were friends or friends of friends, some of the world's best-dressed and most attractive women and, of course, my own Personal Blonde. I chatted, bitched, giggled and 'flirted.' Then suddenly my eyes popped – so did everyone else's – and there was a gasp, as down the steps of the terrace there floated a dreamlike apparition, the epitome of femininity in something white and gauzy: that all too rare specimen of the human race, the perfect, suntanned, flawless, 22 carat, five-star blonde. The women *hated* her on sight and the men stampeded like Gadarene swine to be introduced, despite the fact that she was obviously escorted by a nice tall fair-haired lad, obviously USA, obviously Harvard and obviously *very* rich, in that order. Oh, yes, he was also obviously the blonde's husband.

Mary, newly married to Mike, was delicious. She was a Southerner, everyone was 'honey' in a soft drawl, she drank mint juleps, she had big blue 'goo-goo' (an 'in' description of that era) eyes and a boop-a-doop mouth; and when she smiled two dimples appeared and her nose wrinkled. She danced like an angel, wore her Chanel and Schiaparelli outfits like a top model and if I'm rambling on a bit it is to convince the reader that this was no ordinary blonde.

I knew from the start that my infatuation was, in this case, doomed to failure because she seemed genuinely fond of Mike and they had just spent part of their honeymoon in Paris, where they had done some shopping for their new home.

I learned this while dancing with her one evening in the Casino nightclub. This was out of my league. And we were under very close observation by Mike and my Personal Blonde sitting at the same table, talking politely without taking their respective eyes off us. Then the band changed the tune and I taught her to do the Lambeth Walk. Oi! And I named her 'Blondie.'

Later, when we were alone, I told my girlfriend who, female-like, yipped with glee and before I could stop her had spread the word far and wide. It caught on like wildfire and from that moment on, Mary was 'Blondie' and she and Mike were collectively 'The Blondies.' Even the French adopted it and Mary became 'Madame Blondie.' Fifteen years after the war I was informed by mutual friends that the 'Blondies' were fine and 'Mike Blondie' had gone into real estate.

My generation of readers may recall Blondie, the popular pre-war cartoon character, USA-bred but syndicated to many newspapers in the Western world. She was adorable, blue-eyed and shapely, the original dumb blonde, always getting things wrong and occasionally, like our 'Jane' of Daily Mirror fame, losing her panties. I never actually saw my Blondie lose her panties but no wonder the name stuck for three decades or so.

In a closely knit circle of inebriates, nothing goes unnoticed and so it came to my

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'Fascinating my dear Bruce, fascinating – and the whole thing was inspired by a spider, you say?'

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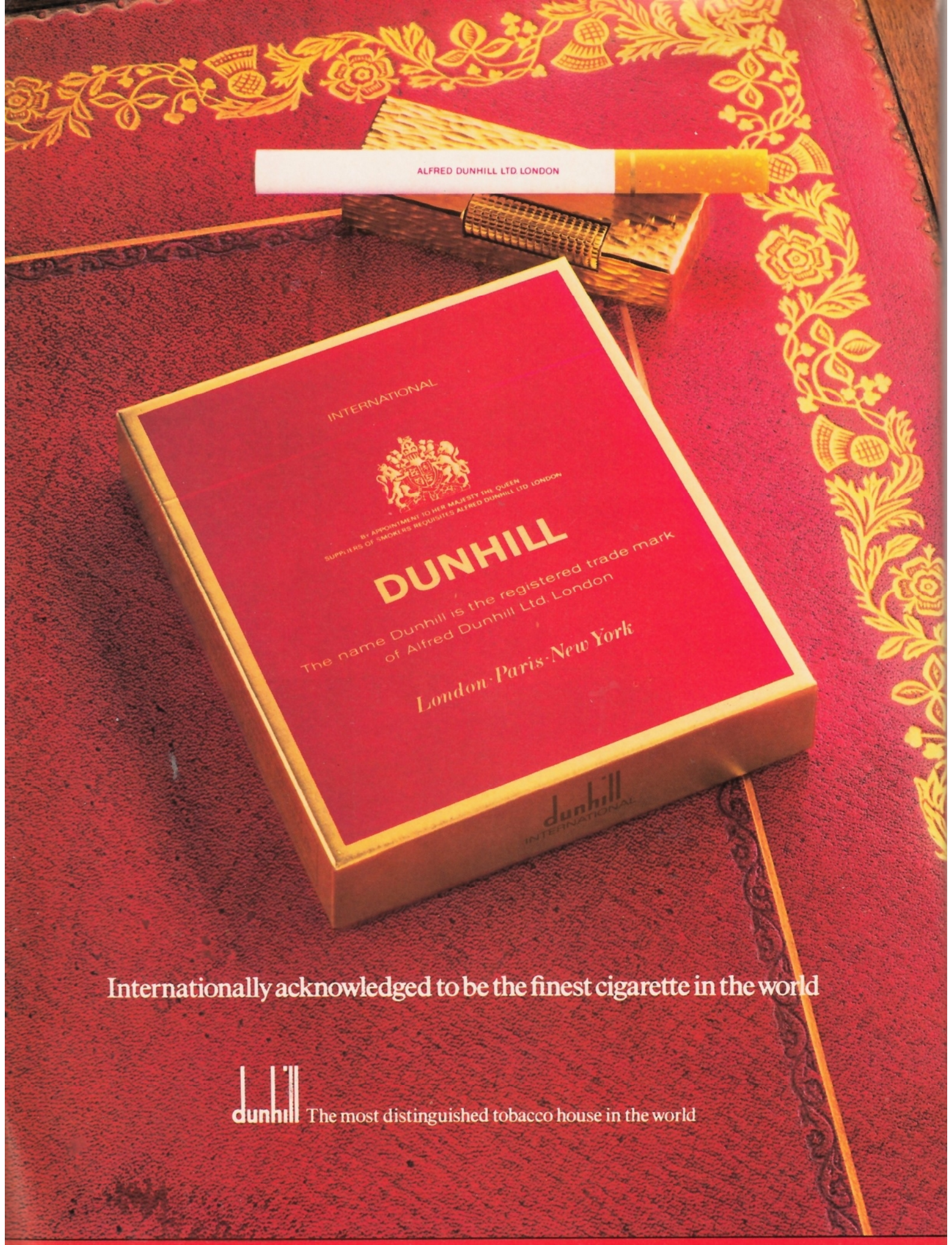

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High-flying blonde

continued from page 88

attention that Blondie was taking flying lessons from M. Gaston. This I had to see so I repaired to the airfield for a spin in Jacksie and to sweep the cobwebs away. Sho' nuff, there was Blondie helmeted and goggled in the rear cockpit of one of the old stringbags, Gaston up front, doing circuits and bumps – to my surprise, rather efficiently.

I sat on the terrace with a pastis and eventually the stringbag taxied to the tarmac, Gaston clambered out, helped Blondie down while she gave a dazzling display of attractive long legs, and joined me. 'Oh-ho-ho, mais oui,' chortled Gaston, looking and sounding more like Jean Gabin than Jean Gabin himself had ever achieved, 'Madame Blo ... er ... Madame is a verree talented aviatrice ... she go solo in maybe two–tree days, hein?'

I said: 'Well, congratulations, pet! Welcome to the fraternity.' Blondie said: 'Gee, thanks, honey. I'm so happy I could – *fly*!' She giggled. 'I've always wanted to fly more'n anything, but Mike wouldn't hear of it. Now I've talked him into letting Gaston give me some trial lessons – but he says he'll only let me qualify if I show real promise. So I've jes' gotta be good!'

About three days later, I collected a bunch of people from the piscine and drove them up to the airfield for a few drinks and to watch Blondie doing her bumps. Mike was already there with a magnum of champagne. 'Gee, whizz, folks, well whaddaya know? Blondie's gone solo and is up there now practising landings. She's made some swell touchdowns – great! Some kid, that. I wasn't too keen on her flying at first, but now – oh, boy! She can have the best goddam plane money can buy!' Blondie landed again – a bit bumpy, but safely, turned and taxied back to take-off on 270. Gaston spoke to her briefly and off she went, climbing smoothly. She did a mild left-hand circuit and touched down to a near perfect three-point landing.

We all applauded wildly as she climbed out of the cockpit, Mike was bursting with pride, Gaston beamed and he toasted Blondie as one of the finest pupils he ever had. He was proud of her and to prove how good she was, having accomplished the requisite six perfect solo landings in succession, he herewith declared Madame Blo ... er ... Madame qualified to take up her first passenger.

I could hardly believe my ears. I hadn't been too bad as a pupil, but it had taken me 20 hours flying time after my first solo before I was passed to carry a passenger. Of course, in France they did things differently. For instance in England the two old stringbags would never have been allowed off the ground. But surely 'things' couldn't be all that different. Or could they?

Blondie was perched side-saddle on a table with a champagne glass in one hand and, flushed with success, looked even more adorable and desirable than ever. But when she said: 'Well now, which one of you-all is gonna be mah fust passenger?' there was an unearthly hush in which you could hear a potato crisp drop. She glanced coquettishly and challengingly at the males present – she didn't even bother with the women – but when Mike started to say: 'Honey, don't you reckon you should get in a bit more time ...?' – she cut in: 'Aw, I don't mean you, honey – I jes couldn't fly if you were up front – yet.' Again silence, so she said: 'Aw, c'mon – be sports! You-all heard what Gaston said – Ah'm qualified, ain't I?'

There was another pause during which I made some rapid mental figuring. Obviously, whoever volunteered would score heavily with Blondie and it might even result in ... Down, boy! This is no time to rear your ugly head! Secondly, albeit I wouldn't describe my mental attitude in those days as 'conceited,' I confess that whenever I tried walking on water and didn't succeed the very first time I put it down to having an off-day or to eating too much. And thirdly, as a result of the foregoing, I was confident that what with the stringbag's dual controls, I could, in an emergency, take over and save the day. And suddenly I heard a voice say: 'I'll go.' – and thought: 'Now, there's a brave lad.' And a few seconds late I realised that the voice had been mine.

Blondie beamed her sweetest dimples at me, Mike grinned somewhat sourly, and I literally felt two pinpoints of venom, like twin laser beams, emanate from the pretty

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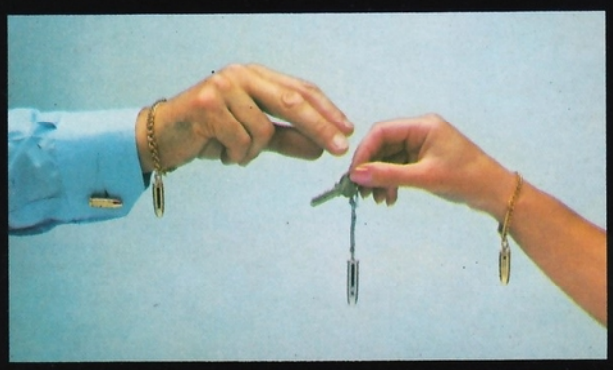

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Mary

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High-flying blonde

continued from page 91

eyes of my Personal Blonde and pierce the back of my spine. Studiously avoiding her glare, amid cheers and applause, Blondie, Gaston and I were escorted to one of the stringbags. Gaston threw me his flying helmet and helped Blondie into the rear cockpit, then I climbed on the wing, opened the sideflap of the cockpit – and froze rigid. The blood drained from my face and I turned a sickly green. The control column had been removed.

Of course. The instructor always removed the stick when the pupil went solo or later when carrying a passenger. All that was there was the socket, a hollow stump about four inches high, where the stick was inserted when under dual control. How could I have forgotten? I looked around frantically for a way out . . . After my show of heroism, I couldn't just burst into tears and whimper 'May I have my joystick back, please?'. . . I could have pretended to faint and toppled off the wing . . . but an erque was already waiting by the prop, Blondie's fingers were on the switches, people were moving away, and Gaston held the intercom socket at the ready for me to plug into. This was one of life's ghastly situations out of which there was no way. Suppressing a mad desire to make a dash for the loo, I climbed in, fastened my harness, Blondie called 'Contact!' and I heard her voice in the earphones 'All set, honey?' as she started taxying leewards.

We lifted off gently enough on 270 and climbed into the blue over the Bay. I cleared my throat a few times and eventually managed to croak; 'That was a nice take-off, pet. What are you going to do now?'

Blondie replied: 'Well, it's such a lovely day . . . I reckoned we'd fly up the coast for a while instead of turning right back. That okay with you, honey?' My panic was subsiding as Blondie levelled off at 1000 ft and we flew smoothly over the piscine and Chiberta golf course and northward over the sand dunes. And I thought: flying on a glorious day . . . with the blonde to end all blondes . . . This is what living is all about! So I answered: 'Yeah, sure, that's okay by me.' Those words were, as near as dammit, our death warrant.

Then Blondie warned me that she was going to try a few mild figure eights which went off quite well with a bit of skid which I told her how to correct, and I heard her say: 'Well, I guess I'll take you home now.' She turned and flew south. I felt a few sudden bumps, registered that the wind must have freshened and glanced ahead. H'm, yes indeed, in the distance some dark storm cloud had gathered over the Pyrenees and at St. Jean de Luz it was raining quite hard. But there was no cause for worry. We were only ten minutes from home and the rain wouldn't reach us.

We arrived over the airfield, people waved from the terrace and Blondie started to line up on 270 when I said: 'I don't want to interfere, but have you looked at the windsock lately?'

There was a pause, then she said: 'Ohmy-Gawd! That means the other direction for landing, doesn't it?'

I said: 'Yes, unless you've had some crosswind practice. Have you?'

A very small voice said: 'No. And I haven't landed from any other direction yet.'

The sock was sticking out pointing north which meant a 20-25 knot airstream from the storm in the Pyrenees. The wind had played its usual bloody trick and had backed from West to South during the half hour we'd been stooging over the coast.

I said in my cheeriest manner: 'Oh well, not to worry, my pet. It's the same as the other way, only you start from a different point. Go round again and start your approach from behind that copse, keeping the church tower to port – that's your left-hand side.'

The very small voice said: 'Aw, gee. Okay, guess I'll try.' And then things began to happen.

Blondie turned into the wind as I said: 'Now!' But the wind was fairly strong and she lost height too quickly, undershooting and heading straight for the copse. I called quietly: 'Open up a bit, pet.' She jammed on the throttle and as the plane reared up realised she was too high, throttled back, pushed the stick forward, picked up too much speed, tried to side slip but didn't raise the nose high enough and almost went into a left-hand spin inches from the ground. I yelled 'Straighten up!' which she did and I kicked the rudder central just in time as the port wingtip brushed the grass, the port wheel hit the ground with a wallop and the stringbag bounced twenty feet into the air, nose up and beginning to stall. I rammed the throttle forward which stopped the stall but we picked up speed and headed direct for the hangar. Blondie screamed: 'Do something! I can't!' And I realised reluctantly that the time had come for me to intervene.

I yelled back: 'Okay, I've got her!' tore off my harness, took a last look ahead to gauge my position, bent down into the cockpit, grabbed the stump of the socket with both hands and centralised it. With the throttle wide open and my feet on the rudder, I felt the plane beginning to fly instead of wallowing and banked gently to the left, praying that we would clear the hangar. It was quite an effort to maneouvre the socket without the stick, but terror gave me superhuman strength and somehow I moved it just enough. I couldn't see ahead or over the side of the cockpit – but we were moving. I felt a gentle jolt and realised that the wheels had brushed the top of the boundary hedge and we were climbing – I hoped.

Planting my heel firmly on the stump and hooking the toe of the other foot under the rudder bar, I sat up, throttled back and kept the stringbag flying a somewhat erratic straight and level course at 300 feet. I called over the intercom: 'Hey, are you okay?' When there was no reply I swivelled around and saw Blondie sitting rigid, her hands covering her goggles. I yelled again: 'Hey, you there! We're okay! This is no time for an afternoon siesta, you lazy little

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High-flying blonde

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bitch!' She stirred and whispered: 'Aw, Gawd! I've never been so scared in all my life!'

I said: 'And you're not the only one, my pet. Now let's get this crate down on the ground where it belongs. Think you can manage?'

She squealed like a stuck pig. 'Me?! Gawd, no! I couldn't go through that again! It's so – *different* . . . No, no, you land her!'

I said: 'Honeychile, I can't. I ain't got no joystick.' Then I had an idea. 'Okay, take her up to one thousand. Gently now. You can do that, can't you?'

Timidly she took the controls and climbed. At 1000 ft I said: 'Right. Now level off. Undo your harness. Lean forward in the cockpit. At the base of the stick, you'll see a locking pin. Pull it out, then unwind the column and pass it over to me. But fercrissake don't drop it or let go until I've got a firm grip on it or we will be up Muck Alley.'

The plane wallowed alarmingly for a while, nearly went into a spin, then the stick appeared over my shoulder and I grabbed it, rammed it into the socket and said: 'I think we'll go home now.'

I stall-turned, dived back on the field at full throttle, turned into the wind, side-slipped over the copse, held her a couple of feet off the ground and tailwagged to lose speed. I let the wheels touch and run a few yards before I pulled the stick into my stomach and rammed the tailskid into the grass for a perfect three-point. I pulled up at the hedge, yanked the stick out and passed it back to Blondie on the side of the plane away from the clubhouse and the obviously agitated spectators. 'Quick,' – I called, – 'grab the stick, put it in the socket and taxi back. Then no one will know.'

Blondie did as she was told but said: 'But gee, honey – why? I couldn't have done that . . .' And she started taxying.

I said: 'Because Mike may never let you fly again unless he thinks you boobed the first landing but pulled off the second. Say I was telling you what to do with the stick but helped you with the throttle and rudder. And there's Gaston, he could stop a rocket. Okay, so he didn't expect us to be gone for half an hour while the wind changed. That was my fault. Anyway, I only pre-empted what you'll be doing yourself a fortnight from now. And I'm damned sure you'll never panic again, will you?'

Blondie replied: 'You know sump'n, honey – I guess I won't.' She giggled. 'Silly of me, weren't it?' And she switched off the engine as our friends swarmed around us, led by Mike, Gaston and my Personal Blonde. Like Queen Victoria, she was not amused.

That's what is such fun about aircraft and blondes. You never know what the hell's going to happen next. Especially if they decide to gang up on you.

Nothing in life is calculated to bring people together more effectively than some mutually experienced violent emotion, like a crisis, tragedy or danger, a shipwreck, plane crash or whatever. Blondie and I were lucky to be alive or at least unhurt instead of badly mangled in hospital. For a brief moment we had faced death together. And only we knew how bloody close we had come to disaster. It was a strong bond.

So, our relationship established, I began hamming up the big-brotherly protective angle of the experienced pilot for a young and promising colleague. We could meet legitimately at the airfield, where Blondie continued her tuition under Gaston and I appeared for the occasional spin in Jacksie. We were mostly unchaperoned because possessive as my PB and Mike were in respect of their personal properties, neither was particularly partial to squatting on the dreary clubhouse terrace for hours while Blondie and I cavorted about in the sky.

I took her for a spin in Jacksie and went up again as her passenger. She was a brilliant natural pilot and learned faster than I ever had. She allowed me to touch her hand and her knee and lightly brush against her glorious breasts while fastening her harness, and hold her in my arms just a little longer than necessary when lifting her off the wing. And when we danced in the Casino or one of the nightly parties in some chateau, I held her close and developed agonising erections, and – always scrutinised by my PB and Mike – we danced cheek to cheek.

Half the men in Biarritz were scrambling to seduce her. Some of the household-name international playboys and notorious womanisers famed for their successes – and destined to die in car crashes – paraded their machismo, bellowed their mating calls and did their war dances for her benefit. But I knew they didn't stand a chance. I also knew that so far I had played my cards right and if I continued not putting a foot wrong I could make the grade. And if I did, walking on water would look like kids' stuff.

Time flew what with the hectic drinking and gambling and fornicating, and the date of my departure loomed mercilessly on the horizon. I delayed making an open pass at Blondie, partly because I was scared of putting her off until I got the green light from her and partly because I couldn't for the life of me think of a suitable location.

But whoever is In Charge of Ops Up There intervened and handed me the the answer on a plate.

It was a glorious hot windless afternoon. Since I was leaving the next day I had a perfectly legitimate excuse to drive up to the airfield for a final checkout on Jacksie, leaving my PB with our crowd at the piscine and having heard that Blondie was flying while Mike had gone off to Chiberta for a round of golf.

Blondie, looking gorgeous in a shantung shirt and shorts, was having a drink on the terrace. Gaston was in the air with another pupil but the second stringbag was parked near the clubhouse and looked ready for flying. I joined Blondie while Mme Gaston brought me a pastis.

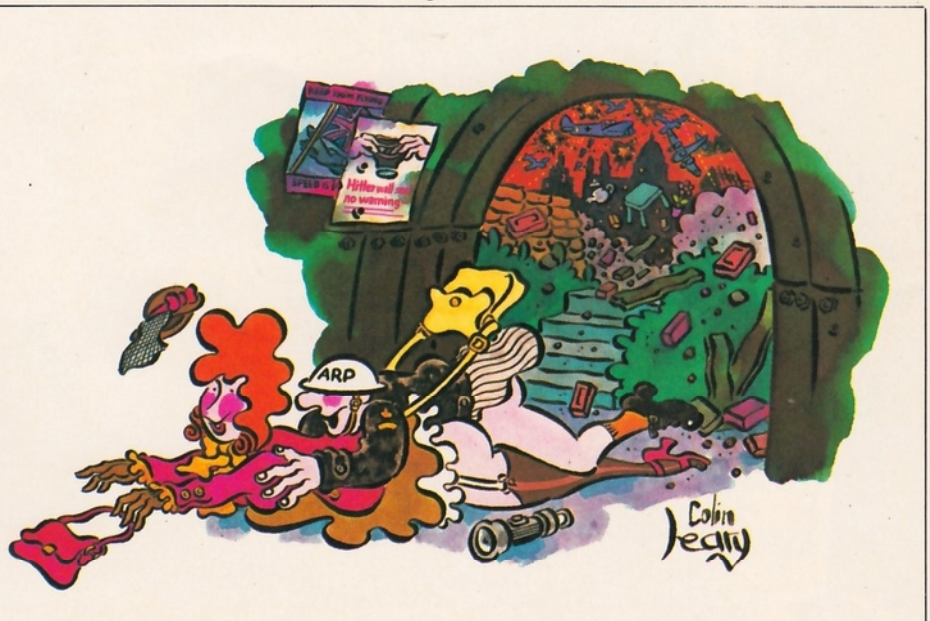
Blondie was positively purring. Gaston had set the date for her licence test next week and Mike had promised that if she passed he would buy her a four-seater Stinson, one of the de luxe-est private planes available in those days.

Blondie told me that for the past few days she had been concentrating on forced landing practice, an essential part of the curriculum for any prospective pilot. Because on a single engine plane if the engine conks out you land in the next best field within your gliding range. No options. You can't get out and walk and leave the plane parked beside a convenient cloud.

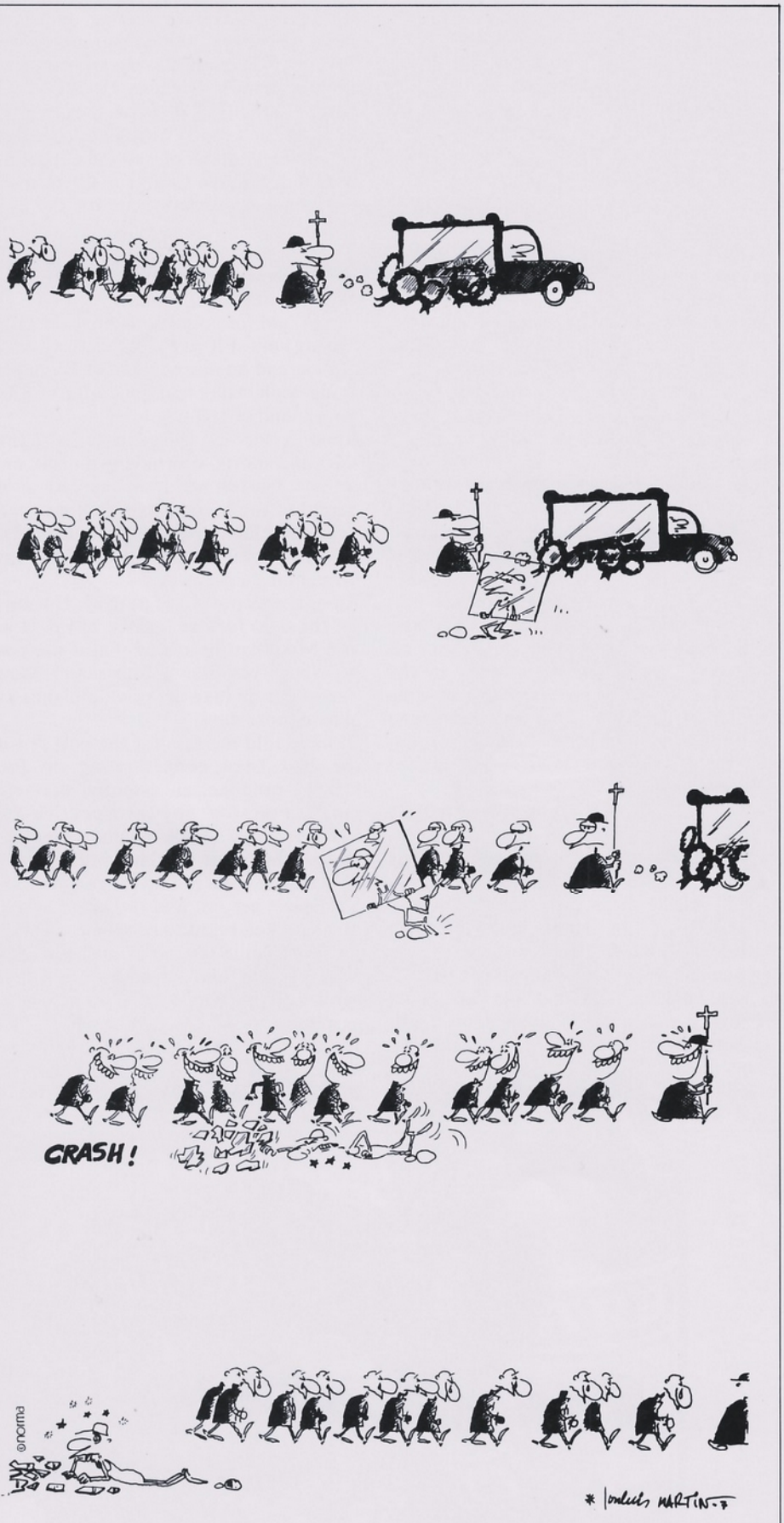
I told Blondie as much and she giggled adorably and said since she was going up again anyway, why didn't I go with her, act as umpire and give her some tips.

I said I would. An idea was taking shape.

We took off in the stringbag, me up front, Blondie piloting. We climbed to two thousand feet towards St. Jean de Luz and



'Best to lie flat when the bombs start falling, Miss.'



then Blondie said 'now' and throttled back.
For the uninitiated, 'forced landing practice' means pretending the engine has failed and consists of gliding from cruising height with the engine idling, selecting a suitable looking field, and making a dummy landing. Before the wheels touch down, one usually opens up the throttle and climbs away, satisfied or otherwise that the landing would have been successful or not.
Blondie selected a field which she pinpointed for me over the intercom, then made a good approach, albeit a bit low.
Then I said: 'Why don't we fly up the coast towards Arcachon? There are some splendid sandy beaches – ideal for landing practice.'
Twenty minutes later we were over the coast, Bayonne behind us. The tide was out and below stretched the hard flat beaches of the Atlantic– a wide perfect runway as far as the sand dunes further inland. I said over the intercom:
'This is the place I had in mind. How about – *that* beach at two o'clock – the one with the rock formation at the far end? You've got a couple of miles clear run . . .'
Blondie said: 'Yeah, I see what you mean.' She throttled back.
She glided competently, weaving in a rate one descent, keeping the touchdown point within reach. This was the moment I had been waiting for, and the setting was absolutely perfect. Sun, sea and sand.
I said: 'Look pet, have you ever done a real forced landing? I mean all the way?'
She said: 'Why no, honey, I guess I ain't.'
This was it then. I took a deep breath and said: 'How about your very first full forced landing – right now?'
There was a pause. My heart was beating so violently I felt certain she must hear it through the intercom.
'Gee, honey – you really think I could?'
'I'm damned sure you could. If you do anything wrong, open up and go round again. You've got all the room in the world for manoeuvring. I'll keep check and scream at you if necessary.'
But it wasn't. She made a perfect three-point, the stringbag rolled to a halt on the hard sand and I said: 'Well done, pet.'
She said: 'Why, gee, honey, I guess I've really gone and done it!'
'Yeah,' I said, 'you sure have . . . Er – now we're down why don't you switch off. . . . We could – go for a swim . . . ? There's no one about for miles . . .'
There was a long pause, then the engine gave a cough and the prop flickered to a stop. The green light! I climbed out, lifted her down to the sand. Then she said: 'Thank heavens you suggested a proper landing. I'm absolutely dying for a pee . . .'
With that she scuttled off leaving on the wind 'and mind you don't look.' And being so flabbergasted I forgot I wasn't a gentleman and didn't even peek.
Round the edge of the rock I could just see one slim ankle with the lace of some deliciously skimpy French knickers round it. I suppose technically speaking I could claim she had dropped **them**. But it didn't do me any good that day.

Hennessy was launched before Nelson sank his first ship.

Hennessy Cognac. Founded in 1765.

The devils in the vaults

continued from page 66

engage three new recruits: John Grant, a Worcestershire Catholic whose family seat was a virtual fortress – an excellent rallying point for the rising that would follow the explosion; Robert Winter, Thomas's squirely brother; and Thomas Bates, a personal servant of Catesby who knew so much already that getting him to take the oath was a necessary safety measure.

Work began again on January 18, 1605 and by February 2 they were halfway through the thick walls of the Parliament building. But the hardness of the stone was wearing them down and progress gradually slowed. There seemed no end to the immense stone barrier and when a sudden 'rushing' sound was heard directly overhead they were convinced that discovery was imminent.

Despatched in his 'John Johnson' disguise to investigate, Guy Fawkes made an extraordinary discovery. The noise, he found, had been caused by the removal of coal from a cellar in the Parliament building. The cellar was rented to a Mrs Ellen Skinner, a coal merchant who used it for storage. But now she was moving out. It was directly beneath the Lords' debating chamber, much drier than the tunnel which was already showing signs of water seepage from the nearby Thames and it was now unoccupied. Its sudden availability seemed providential. Using his Court influence again, Percy took over the lease for £4 per annum on March 23, 1605.

All their materials, including 36 barrels of gunpowder, were hurriedly transferred to the new cellar and hidden beneath firewood and coals – Percy had claimed he needed the extra space for storing winter fuel. The tunnel was sealed up and the conspirators dispersed to organise the vital second stage of the Plot, a Catholic uprising. The burden of this fell on Catesby who did not hesitate to lie, often claiming that the men and materials he needed were for an English company to fight in Flanders. Others he promised, on the flimsiest evidence, that Spanish forces from Flanders would support any insurrection. Only three men learned the truth and took the oath of conspiracy, Francis Tresham, Catesby's wealthy cousin; Sir Everard Digby, a great Midland landowner; and Ambrose Rookwood, a friend of Catesby's from Suffolk. All were young and ardent Catholics; Tresham and Digby supplied Catesby with much needed cash; Rookwood owned the finest stock of cavalry horses in England.

For no announced reason, the King prorogued the opening of Parliament yet again, to November 5, throwing out the conspirators' timetable. Meeting at a Catholic house in Barnet, they hurriedly re-made their plans. Digby was to invite large numbers of Roman Catholic gentlemen to a meet at Dunchurch near Rugby on the morning of November 5, only telling them when they arrived that there was to be a Catholic uprising. James's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was to be kidnapped and proclaimed queen. Arms raids were to be made on various munitions stores. But problems arose when it was suggested that certain Lords, who had Catholic sympathies and were personally known to the conspirators, might be warned not to attend the opening of Parliament. Catesby was adamant: warnings, however oblique, would put the whole Plot in jeopardy. All ostensibly agreed, ostensibly because a warning was given.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday October 26, William Parker, the fourth Baron Mounteagle – a Catholic Peer who had turned Protestant on the accession of James but who still kept up his Catholic connections – was interrupted at his supper at his house in Hoxton, then a village some five miles from London. His footman told him that a stranger had just handed a letter to him in the street, addressed to Mounteagle. Breaking the seal, the lord could not recognise the handwriting and handed it to a member of his household to read. 'My Lord,' it began. 'Out of the love I bear to some of your friends I have a care for your preservation; therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise of some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament; for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time, and think not lightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your own country where you may expect the event in safety; for, although there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow, this Parlia-

turn to page 105

Lesley

Lynda

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Simulated picture

THE PHOTOGRAPH (ABOVE) SHOWS THE MITSUBISHI 10" MAINS/BATTERY COLOUR PORTABLE TV. THESE ARE JUST TWO FROM AN EXTENSIVE RANGE OF AUDIO AND TV EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURED BY MITSUBISHI IN JAPAN. **MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC (UK) LTD, OTTERSPOOL WAY, WATFORD, HERTS WD2 8LD.**

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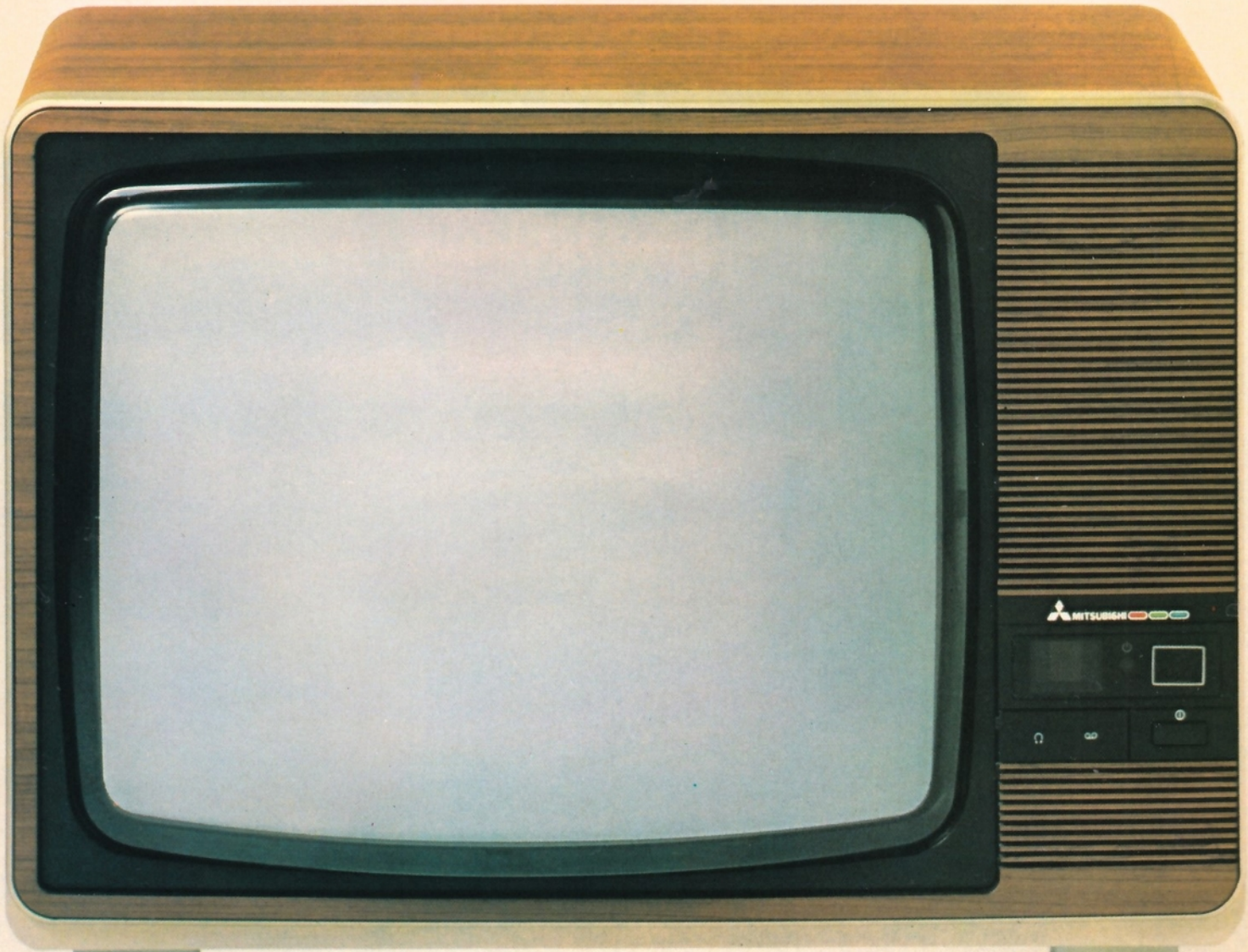

MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC

Brewed and bottled in Munich.

Smooth and mellow Löwenbräu.

The devils in the vaults

continued from page 102

ment, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be condemned because it may do you good and can do you no harm, for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter and I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you.'

Whether Mounteagle realised its full significance or not, he did not burn it nor dismiss it as a hoax. Calling for his horse, he rode directly to Whitehall and handed the letter personally to James's first minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.

Dwarfish and subtle, head of Europe's most efficient secret service, Salisbury had been aware for months of Catholic stirrings. But it was over a week later, after King James had returned from a hunting trip to Royston; that Cecil diplomatically allowed his king to point out the explosive significance of the letter. It was decided to let the Plot run its course, only searching for hidden devices at the last moment, when the ringleaders could be arrested.

Consequently the conspirators, who were by then fully aware of the letter through contacts at the Court and the Mounteagle household, were greatly relieved to find the gunpowder still untouched in the vault. They still had no idea who their betrayer was – Tresham, believed to be the least trustworthy, could prove that he was nowhere near Hoxton on October 26. But the authorities were showing no obvious signs of alarm. By November 4, despite individual misgivings, the conspirators were prepared to go ahead. Guy Fawkes began his lonely vigil in the vault but then something happened that seemed to wreck the plan.

The Earl of Suffolk, James's Lord Chamberlain, suddenly appeared in the cellar with his retinue on an apparently routine check. Seeing Fawkes's lantern, he questioned the Yorkshireman who told him gruffly that he was Thomas Percy's servant guarding his master's fuel supplies. Though Suffolk appeared satisfied, Fawkes must have realised that for a member of James's Privy Council – his inner cabinet – to be found in such a place the situation was dire. Nevertheless Winter and Catesby had chosen well. Fawkes had long ago vowed to explode the gunpowder rather than be taken and when Robert Keyes dropped by at ten that night with a pocket watch – a final gift from Catesby – he was still at his post. It was only his ill luck that Sir Thomas Knevett – the magistrate detailed by the Privy Council to make a more thorough search of the vault – first came upon him at the courtyard door, too far away to make use of the tinder box, touchwood and slowmatch found in his pockets. When Fawkes, bound with his own garters, was bundled off first to Whitehall then the Tower, the other conspirators soon realised the game was up.

As the night continued, soldiers appeared outside all government buildings; the train bands – a citizens' militia – paraded in the streets. By five am they had learned of Fawkes' arrest and that Thomas Percy was being sought. Further arrests were expected at any moment.

By late afternoon they were united and, that evening, pale, travel-stained and apprehensive, burst in on Everard Digby and his hunting party at Dunchurch.

There is little doubt that with the time gained for them by Guy Fawkes most of the conspirators could have escaped England with their lives. Instead, led by Catesby, they decided to bluff it through and sealed their own fates. Catesby began by lying to the Catholics gathered there, most of whom still believed they were only attending a meet. The king and Salisbury were dead, he said; decisive action now, while the government was still stunned, could bring about a successful Catholic uprising. His hope was that the Catholics, terrified of a Protestant backlash, would be forced to join him. Instead they were appalled at his actions and furious that they had been tricked. With one exception, they fled.

Reviled both by Protestants and Catholics, hampered by rain and cold and now pursued by a posse under Sir Richard Walsh, Sheriff of Worcestershire, they decided to make a final stand. Desertion further reduced the force which had never been more than 40. Gunpowder, absurdly spread out to dry before an open hearth, exploded, blinding John Grant.

At noon on November 8 Walsh's posse arrived and surrounded the house. After a fruitless demand for surrender, the house was fired. Catesby, Percy and the Wright brothers were all shot dead.

A show trial followed at Westminster Hall on January 27, 1606 for the survivors: Thomas Winter, Robert Winter, Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keyes, Thomas Bates, John Grant and Guy Fawkes. Tresham, after his arrest in London, had earlier died of illness.

All, however, had confessed and the verdict was a foregone conclusion. On Thursday January 30, Digby, Robert Winter, Grant and Bates were strapped to hurdles and dragged through the streets to St Paul's Churchyard where each was first hanged before a huge crowd, then cut down, castrated while still living, drawn and quartered, the dismembered corpses tossed into a nearby bonfire. The sentence was of a calculated ferocity, the government's message to would-be traitors absolutely clear. The next day, this time in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Keyes and Guy Fawkes met the same fate. The last to die was Fawkes. Having endured more torture than all the others, he needed help to climb the scaffold. But he escaped the final agonies. Cut down after hanging, he was found to be dead, his neck broken, though he was drawn and quartered anyway.

What had the Plot achieved, apart from its protagonists' ruin? One man could claim it as a resounding success: the fiercely anti-Catholic Earl of Salisbury who has often been accused of engineering it all and even writing the letter to Mounteagle himself. Salisbury used the confessions gained from the conspirators to destroy Thomas Percy's employer, the Earl of Northumberland, a Catholic sympathiser and a serious rival to Salisbury's own power. He was also able to arrest, try and execute Father Garnet, the fugitive Jesuit leader in England, claiming that he had in fact instigated the Plot. As a result Catholic power was crushed.

But the struggles of Cecil, King James and the English recusants mean little today. Only one name persists in the English folk-memory: that of Guy Fawkes, 'the Devil of the Vault', as he was later called; part bogey-man, part misguided hero whose audacity and courage in attempting to wipe out all central authority at one explosive stroke still prompts sneaking admiration.

Execution of the conspirators. They were hanged drawn and quartered, then tossed on a bonfire.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eleven

Women may be attracted to a man for any number of reasons – his looks, personality, reputation or even for the job or position he holds. The more glamorous and dangerous his occupation, then the more sexual opportunities he is likely to have. This month Quest reports on the sexual attraction of men in glamour jobs and their effect upon women.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Stock car racer, 28 years old, divorced, town of origin Reading**

This interviewee left school at sixteen and worked in various garages as a mechanic before taking up stock car racing five years ago. He is divorced and currently lives on his own in a rented flat.

Quest: What was your sex life like before you took up stock car racing?

Driver: About average, I suppose. I used to go down the disco with a few mates, chat up the birds and if I got lucky take one home.

Quest: Did this happen very often, or was it just occasional?

Driver: Well, to be honest we didn't do all that well. You know how it is at these discos, they're a lot of bloody prick-teasers, most of them.

Quest: Did you pick up women at other places apart from discos?

Driver: Sometimes I'd meet one at a party or in a pub.

Quest: Did you have a regular girlfriend after you divorced your wife?

Driver: No. After I caught her playing around with other blokes and the marriage ended I didn't really want to get involved again.

Quest: So you just had a series of casual affairs?

Driver: You mean one night stands? Yes, that's right.

Quest: Did you have much trouble picking them up?

Driver: Well, I'm only average looking, without sounding too big-headed. But I can chat OK so I wasn't too frustrated. Mind you, I didn't get my end away as often as I wanted to.

Quest: Do you now?

Driver: I don't think I will ever get my end away as often as I want.

Quest: So girls are willing to sleep with you just because of your racing?

Driver: Yes.

Quest: Does this happen fairly often?

Driver: Not every time.

Quest: Fairly often?

Driver: Yes. A lot of girls go to watch stock car racing and I suppose they think it's pretty cool to have it off with one of the drivers.

ADVERTISEMENT

Impotence-Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

Results speak for themselves – first send your measurement and remittance – of course there is a full money back Blakoe guarantee as with all Blakoe Products.

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Quest: Is it the same with all the drivers?
Driver: Well, a lot of them are happily married. But us younger, single blokes don't do so bad. Not that we're fucking ourselves stupid all the time, though.
Quest: So your sex life has improved since you've been driving?
Driver: Bloody right.
Quest: Are they mostly quick ones against the sheds?
Driver: No, it's not always that quick and easy. Sometimes I take them out for a meal or we go dancing. I'm not Elvis Presley, I don't just snap my fingers and they drop them. But they definitely do get turned on by blokes doing something a little risky like stock car racing.
Quest: Have you ever asked them why?
Driver: It's difficult to put into words, I don't think they know why themselves. I don't really care as long as I get my end away. But Sandy, she was one of them, said it had something to do with the chance of an accident, the risk of getting hurt or even killed. But it's not that dangerous, though I don't tell them that.
Quest: How did you meet Sandy?
Driver: We were introduced at a party and got on pretty well. When I told her I was a stock car driver she got a lot more interested in me and asked me to take her to a race.
Quest: Did you?
Driver: Yes. And it was well worthwhile.
Quest: What do you mean?
Driver: Well we went for a Chinese meal after the race and when I took her home she asked me in for coffee.
Quest: What was she like?
Driver: A bit of all right. Nice large tits, long dark hair and a lovely little arse.
Quest: Did you have sex that night?
Driver: I should say so.
Quest: Tell us about it.
Driver: It was like this. I had an album, photo album that is, with pictures of me and all the old bangers I have owned at various times. I took it round to her place because I thought she might be interested and we sat on the sofa looking at it. Then she began to move closer to me. I didn't catch on at first but I got the hint after a while and put my arm round her. Then we started snogging after a bit of cuddling. I began to feel around her tits through her shirt, you know, one of those baggy ones that seem to be trendy at the moment. After that it was bang bang. I moved my hands under her shirt to play with her tits then gradually eased it over her head.
Quest: She didn't object?
Driver: No. She was enjoying it as much as me so I sucked her nipples and nibbled on them for a bit before she suggested that we go to the bedroom as it was more comfy. And it was. I had such a hard-on I could hardly walk straight in my tight jeans. She laughed and squeezed it.
Quest: What happened in the bedroom?
Driver: I undid her jeans and pulled them off with her panties. Then she got into bed while I undressed. She said what a lovely dong I had, all hard. I got into bed with her and she grabbed it immediately and started playing with it. I stopped her because I didn't want to come too early. She was kissing my chest and stomach all over then she slid down the bed and put her mouth over my dong and started to suck. That was great, I'd had blow-jobs before but not that good. I stopped her because I wanted to come inside her. Then I went down on her and started licking between her legs. She was really wet and ready for it. She started to make little noises, a sort of whimpering and moaning, just like you read about in books when people are having it off. She had a big mass of cunt-hair, all dark and curly. I feel quite horny now just thinking about it. After a while she asked me to stick it in her, but I kept licking until she came. She was really thrashing around the bed, the randy little bitch.
Quest: Did you actually have intercourse?
Driver: You bet. By this time she was almost begging me for it.
Quest: Did you try different positions?
Driver: Yes. I had her from behind for a while, you know, with her on all fours. That was good because she had such a lovely little arse. That position really turns me on. Then she wanted to get on top for a while. I didn't mind as I was getting a bit puffed. Well, the racing had been pretty tiring after a day at work, then this.
Quest: So she got on top of you?
Driver: Yes. I laid on the bed on my back and she sort of squatted down on me. That was the first time I had ever had a bird on top and I must say it was pretty damn good. She really knew how to move around, but I didn't want to come in that position. I wanted to get on top so I could really ram it in, like she wanted. I turned her onto her back and got on top of her. She kept yelling for me to give it to her so I slowly pushed it in, just to make her wait a little. Then I rammed it in and really gave her a hammering.
Quest: Did you both climax?
Driver: Yes, I came. She yelled like somebody was trying to kill her.
Quest: What happened then ?
Driver: I was shagged out, and I think she was as well. We just lay there for a while. It was shattering. Then we had another go and went through it all again. That was the best sex I ever had.
Quest: Did you see her after that night?
Driver: Yes, we went out together a few times but she started to get too serious so I cooled it down.
Quest: Do you think she wanted to go to bed with you just because you were a stock car driver?
Driver: Not just because, but I think it did the trick. I mean, it's more exciting to go to bed with a racing driver than an ordinary mechanic isn't it? It's something to tell the girls at work.
Quest: Do you think that's one of the reasons they are attracted to you?
Driver: I told you, I don't care as long as I get my end away.
Quest: Thank you.

Two **Hotel receptionist, 21 years old, blonde, town of origin Edinburgh**
This interviewee had trained as a shorthand typist but found office work uninteresting and worked temporarily in a hotel in the Aberdeen area. At the time of the interview she had just moved back to Edinburgh.
Quest: What attracted you to hotel work?
Receptionist: Meeting people. It's always the same boring faces in an office, isn't it? And the area around the oilfields was interesting: it's nothing like here.
Quest: Why particularly?
Receptionist: The people are interesting; they're doing exciting, dangerous jobs — Any man who goes out on those rigs must be prepared to risk quite a lot.
Quest: You like men who take risks?
Receptionist: My first boyfriend used to do motocross: I used to watch him at weekends. He never boasted about it. I admired him for that.
Quest: Is that why you decided to have sex first with him?
Receptionist: I suppose, yes. I didn't really decide, neither of us did; it just happened. We went to a big event over the border, taking a tent because it was too far to get back. We'd stayed out together before, in sleeping bags at friends' flats without doing anything. I didn't expect it to be different. But the weather was awful. By the time we'd got the tent up we were both soaked to the skin. We ended up wrapped in blankets round our Gaz stove, sipping some brandy Ian had got me from a local pub because I was shivering so much. We were both a bit tipsy.
Quest: And naked under the blankets?
Receptionist: Yes but we'd got undressed in the dark. We were singing silly songs and I was leaning against Ian with his arm round me. I don't remember when but he suddenly said: 'Oh, who's being rude?' And I looked down and one of my boobs was exposed. I just laughed and Ian suddenly leaned down, very serious, and kissed me, right on the nipple. I can remember the feeling now, and I knew it was going to happen. One minute we were laughing, the next we were kissing and I could feel the blanket fall off me but I didn't care at all. Then we were lying down and I was holding him, and I opened my legs. He slid in very easily and gently; I was grateful for that, though it didn't hurt me at all.
Quest: But you liked the idea of strong, silent, manly types?
Receptionist: I think a lot of women do.
Quest: Did you find them in Aberdeen?
Receptionist: You're talking about Rolly?
Quest: Your married boyfriend.
Receptionist: He was separated, actually. But he was my type, yes; or at least I thought so at first. In fact he played a dirty trick on me, though I forgave him.
Quest: What happened?
Receptionist: It was just after I'd moved up there. A lot of the men off the rigs kept semi-permanent rooms at the hotel where I was working. We'd let the rooms to other people but the oil people had priority if they needed them, though I didn't realise that at first. Anyway Rolly turned up with a group of others off the same rig and of course his room was already taken. And we had a row. I think the first thing that impressed me about him was that physically he quite frightened me. I'm fairly wee; he

The Singles Story

Once upon a time.....

..... **but not so long ago, Dateline introduced a new concept into the lives of millions of single men and women. That concept was computer dating. The idea came from America and its success was proven. So in 1966 we launched Dateline International in this country. Thirteen years on we are more in demand than ever and can look back happy in the knowledge that we have helped many thousands of people on the road to a more satisfactory way of life. Not just through love and marriage — though even in that field our success rate is high — but simply through bringing people together and expanding their social lives as a result.**

There are in the United Kingdom more than 7,000,000 men and women aged between 18 and 64 who are single, either because they have not married or because their marriage has ended in widowhood, separation or divorce. Evidence from a survey of a thousand single people commissioned by Dateline indicates that at any one time, half these people think of themselves as lonely.

Their situation is primarily one of reaction to social pressures. For despite changing social attitudes the unmarried 'over 25' is still regarded as 'odd'. Parents talk of 'settling down', while bank managers, building societies and council housing departments assume an air of suspicion.

The consumer economy is designed to sell to the nuclear family unit, so that television, radio and press advertising reinforces the impression that being unmarried is unusual after a certain age, if not downright reprehensible.

The separated and divorced fare little better especially when children are involved. Very often they are seen as victims of their own inadequacies; even by their children.

Although widows and widowers probably receive more public sympathy than other singles their individual situation is often no better and many become acutely aware that they live in a society where their psychological needs for companionship, sexual involvement and emotional security are either going to be unmet or fulfilled only in spite of suspicion, derision and hostility from their children, their neighbours, married friends and society in general. The lonely, predatory widow, sexually frustrated and ready to drag the nearest man to the altar on any terms is still a stereotype accepted by many.

Faced with this situation it is encouraging that many people are now reacting positively to their single state. There is a growing determination to enjoy life on their own terms which for the majority means communicating with, and enjoying the company of, other like-minded people. The 'lonely hearts' explanation of the large numbers using computer dating — tens of thousands of active members, for example on Dateline's books — is largely unsupportable. Computer dating is by no means the monopoly of the lonely 'odd-balls' seeking the manifestation of their romantic dreams. Rather it is a practical way of contacting other singles with an equally positive outlook.

We are always delighted to hear of yet another marriage via the computer and we could quote impressive figures but they would do nothing to prove our point. They are not and cannot ever be substituted for what computer dating offers — an acceptable, proven, and practical answer for those who accept the single state positively but still need compatible people to share life's ups and downs with.

Dateline

is meeting the challenge which single people are now increasingly posing to society at large — the challenge of being taken seriously for what they are. And as our understanding of the 'modern' single has increased so has our range of activities.

Club Singles for instance, provides the best in single holidaymaking. We don't claim to be amongst the cheapest holidays — we can't possibly compete with the giant holiday companies - we DO claim three carefully selected holiday centres where the unattached person is guaranteed a good time and compatible company.

Breakaway Weekends..... offers exactly what it says. A chance to break away from routine for a couple of days in the company of similarly motivated people and relaxing surroundings. Very often these take place within the UK but occasionally we offer something a little more 'exotic' which takes you to foreign parts. Our recent Danish Breakaway cruise was a huge success. One happy client wrote: 'Value for money was certainly of the essence on the Dana Anglia, nice clean accommodation was provided, endless supplies of food and the facilities for 'recreation' i.e. dancing, drinking and dining were excellent... everyone made new friends and a reunion party has been arranged in London.'

Singles Society is the name which covers more than 70 autonomous groups of single people throughout the U.K. Activities and social life are organised in accordance with the wishes of the group members — whose ages range from 17 to 70! — by the various SROs (Singles Regional Organisers).

Select.... Three years ago we also launched **'Singles Scene'** — a broadsheet style publication designed specifically for the single person. Such was the response that a year later we decided a fully fledged magazine was called for. We named it **'Singles'.** The last two years have seen many changes in its editorial content and design as our awareness of the needs of today's single has developed. Today we call it **'Select'.**

There is no doubt that out 'Personal Ads' section is a winner. As an alternative to computer dating it has met with enormous success. Many of our advertisers have shown themselves to be regular masters of the written word with their bright and witty copy, and the letters we receive daily prove how well the system works as a means of expanding their social life and making new friends. Perhaps the one criticism which may be justifiably levelled at this method of meeting people is the fact that some ads have received so many replies that the recipient has been hard put to reply to them all. For instance *'gent, attractive, 53, loves children, wanting to meet lady for friendship, marriage'* had 155 replies while *'shy 29 year old lady wanting to meet gentle reserved man, loner like herself'* had 118 replies.

What more can we say? We're here to fill a need. We think we're rather good at it because we care...We'd like you to join us.

Free – We are so confident of our success we offer you a free computer test to introduce your perfect partner. Please tick the appropriate boxes for information on the other services.

Dateline

Somewhere there is Someone who is Right for You.
is trusted by thousands to find that person.

FREE — COMPUTER TEST TO INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR PERFECT PARTNER

1

START HERE

BY TICKING THE PHOTO THAT MOST APPEALS TO YOU

2 Do you consider yourself:

Shy:	☐	Generous:	☐
Extrovert:	☐	Outdoor type:	☐
Adventurous:	☐	Creative:	☐
Family type:	☐	Practical:	☐
Clothes-conscious:	☐	Intellectual:	☐

4 Other services from Singles House. (Tick the box for further details.)

☐ **Singles Society** — Countrywide meetings and parties.

☐ **'Select' Magazine** — On sale bookstalls The only U.K. magazine for single living. 40p.

☐ **Singles Holidays** — Unique holidays for the unattached.

☐ **Breakaway Weekends** — Ease the stress of a working week.

3 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

Pop music:	☐	Art Literature:	☐
Fashion:	☐	'Live' theatre:	☐
Pubs and clubs:	☐	Science or technology:	☐
Sport:	☐	Creative writing painting:	☐
Pets:	☐	Poetry:	☐
Folk music:	☐	Philosophy Psychology Sociology:	☐
Jazz:	☐	History Archeology:	☐
Travelling:	☐	Conversation	☐
Cinema:	☐		
Good food:	☐		
Politics:	☐		
Classical music:	☐		

5

BLOCK CAPITALS ONLY — ONE LETTER PER SPACE — LEAVE BLANKS WHEN REQUIRED

Your Sex | |put M or F

Your Age | | |yrs

Your Height | |ft | |ins

Age I would like to meet | | | MIN | | | MAX

Christian Name (one only)

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Address

Nationality Religion

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6

I enclose 2 first class stamps for postage of my free computer test and brochure. I am genuinely interested in finding my ideal partner.

SIGNED

Send today to:
Dateline, Dept. (M3P).
Singles House,
23 25 Abingdon Rd.,
London, W.8.
(01-937 6503)

Dateline

Select is on sale at most branches of W.H. Smiths but to avoid disappointment by getting there just as the last copy has been sold why not take out a year's subscription (£5) — and let the postman do the work!

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Please send a year's supply to:

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The magazine that really gets people together

Tick as appropriate

CASH **CHEQUE** **POSTAL ORDER**

to **SINGLES SCENE** for £5 (including postage etc) enclosed herewith
My Barclaycard/Access/American Express/Diners Club number is
Please debit my account for £5

SIGNATURE: _____

DATE: _____ MYG

SEND: to 'Select', 23 Abingdon Road, London, W.8.

was about six feet but broadly built, and he had a kind of air of authority which he very rarely showed but which you could see was just beneath the surface. He was in his mid to late thirties and he had quite an important job – he told me the technical name but I'm no expert. When we had our row he was obviously very tired – it was after eleven at night – but he didn't explode; he just stood there and demanded his room. I was the one having hysterics. Then of course the manager was roused and it was all sorted out and Rolly gave me this pale, tolerant smile and went off.

Quest: But the situation improved?

Receptionist: Later that night, after I'd finished, I was making my way over to the staff quarters and ran straight into him outside his room – it really was an accident; I had to go that way. He was wearing a short dressing gown, one of those Japanese style things, and putting his boots out. I must have jumped like a scared cat, because he gave a very quiet grin. I began babbling apologies like an idiot, but he stopped me and said: 'Look, why don't we have a quiet drink tomorrow and forget all about it. Then we'll be friends.' I can't even remember agreeing, but I felt much better.

Quest: Did you fancy him then?

Receptionist: He disturbed me – yes, he did have an effect. All I remember noticing about him physically was his legs – he had very good legs for a man!

Quest: Did you have your drink?

Receptionist: I thought he was just being kind but when I came on the desk late the next morning I found he'd asked when I was finished, which was early evening. And at five to six there he was. We went to another hotel bar down the road — the management didn't encourage staff meeting guests socially. Then we had dinner there. He told me he was divorced; he had to go to London the next day, but he'd be back for a break before his next spell on the rig, and he'd like me to show him round. It was the first time he'd known any locals properly, which I laughed at because I was as much a stranger as him. Then we went back to the hotel – it was well after midnight – and he asked me up for a night cap. You could make your own coffee in your room and he said he had some whisky.

Quest: And you went?

Receptionist: I know you won't believe me but it was just for the night cap. I've never gone to bed on a first date.

Quest: But this was the exception?

Receptionist: We sat down and drank our coffee and chatted, in separate chairs, for an hour or more. I think I was doing most of the talking – he was a very good listener. Then he said it was time for bed. I apologised and started to get up, but he came and stood over me and said, 'At least let me say goodnight.' And as I got up I suddenly found myself kissing him.

Quest: And liking it?

Receptionist: Probably too much; I didn't realise till then how worked up I'd become just talking – about nothing! Then I felt him getting hard and pressing against my hip and I pulled away. He said, 'When I mentioned bedtime I wasn't excluding you.' I didn't want to offend him because I did like him but I knew very well if he kept it up I'd probably give in – I'd been on the pill since Ian, so I couldn't give myself that excuse. Really I should have gone, but instead we started kissing again. I said eventually, 'You're being very unfair; I do like you a lot, but I just can't.' Then for some reason – it all sounds so stupid now – I touched a part of his arm and he practically leapt into the air. I couldn't understand what had happened. Then he rolled up the sleeve of his shirt and he had a large plaster on his upper arm. Of course I got all sympathetic. He said he wouldn't be a minute; he'd forgotten to change it, and went into the bathroom. I followed him and he'd stripped to the waist and was putting on a new dressing. I said, 'Let me do that', doing my motherly bit. He told me it had happened on the rig; some piping had broken loose and two men had been seriously injured; he'd been lucky, but he was still very worried about the others who were in hospital. He'd been worried all evening – it was why he was going to London the next day, to report to his head office. He'd never have been so pushy with me under normal conditions.

Quest: You believed him?

Receptionist: Oh implicitly; he'd been politeness itself compared to some men I've known. And meanwhile I was admiring his bare chest! He was very well built and I could feel how firm and warm his skin was; he felt lovely in fact – it was very intimate standing so close to his bare skin. I was suddenly aware that my insides were like warm jelly; I think I must have been damp already. I said, 'Is it still dangerous out on the rig?' Rolly said, 'If I don't get the changes I want there'll be lives lost next time.' I don't know why – I just had to kiss him. Very softly and gently on the top of his arm and I put my fingers on his chest. I can't remember making any kind of decision – I seemed to hear myself speak. I said, 'Can you give me a few minutes?' And he nodded very slightly and watched me as I went back to the bedroom and closed the door.

Quest: What did you do?

Receptionist: I turned down all the lights, except one tiny bedside lamp and took all my clothes off. I only felt ridiculous and vulnerable when I started to climb into bed: I could have been risking my job and I hardly knew the man at all – he could have been any kind of monster. But then Rolly knocked and came in. He had a towel wrapped round his waist and he looked gorgeous – all golden in the lamplight. He just smiled at me, came to the bed and slipped in, throwing off the towel – I didn't really see what he had. Then he asked me if I wanted something else to drink, which I didn't; it was all so polite; I started to feel silly. Then he leaned over and very gently kissed me. And it started to get a bit more passionate; very passionate in fact; he was leaning right across me and the sheet had fallen off me. I kept wondering about the light – it sounds stupid but no one had ever actually seen me naked before, not a lover I mean. Not that I've got anything to be ashamed of.

Quest: Did Rolly make allowances?

Receptionist: Well, that's where it began to go a bit wrong. Not badly, but it was a bit of a shock. We broke away from each other and Rolly looked down at me, smiling, and said: 'My God, you've got a fabulous little figure, haven't you?' Which pleased me, though I was still embarrassed. Then he bent down and began to kiss me, first on my nipples, then my tummy, then my pubics – just the hair – I was trembling like a trapped hare. And he was saying, 'Beautiful, beautiful skin; I'd love to eat it.' He was so much bigger than me and he had such big hands he could move me about like a doll – it was very nice, in fact. Then he pulled me onto my side – quite gently – and then onto my front and ran his hands over my back and down over my bottom – he pushed the sheets right down. Then his fingers started playing along the inside of my thighs, then right onto my lips – I gave a great gasp and he said, 'You're so wet, you're just aching for it, aren't you?' I just giggled but he went on about my bottom – 'They're like two hard little footballs,' he said. Then he said, 'Christ, I've got to have some of that; I've got to.' And before I knew what was happening he was right behind me and pushing my legs apart. I wanted to see him when we did it, but he pushed me flat and said, 'Stick your bum up, go on. That's better.' And he reached under my tummy and began to touch me, along my slit and then on my clitoris – and I thought I'd die; it was so unutterably gorgeous. No one had ever done it with me that way before. And just when I thought I would die I felt his thighs pushing against the inside of my legs, forcing my legs really wide apart – I just didn't care by then – and he lifted me, he actually pulled me back onto himself. And I felt this enormous thick weight slide into me – I honestly thought I wouldn't take it. And he began to slide it in and out of me, practically bouncing me against his thighs and at the same time he was still rubbing my clitty. I was delirious. I couldn't take more than a few seconds of it; I think I must have cried but I had the most incredible, mind-boggling climax. It was absolutely beautiful. In fact the whole night was great. I looked like death all the next day, but I didn't care.

Quest: And you stayed lovers?

Receptionist: We had a bust up. On the desk I overheard two other oil men talking about him – saying Rolly was in London with his bit of stuff because he didn't seem to be doing as well as usual with his Aberdeen crumpet. So I asked, casually, about the rig and the accident. And of course there hadn't been one. Rolly had slipped getting out of the helicopter. It was all a big lie.

Quest: So you finished with him?

Receptionist: I wanted to kill him! But then he rang me from London, which I hadn't expected, and we had our second row. We more or less made up; to be honest I didn't want to miss another night like the first. But he was posted somewhere overseas within a couple of weeks, so it couldn't

have worked anyway. But we had a grand time.
Quest: Thank you.

Three **Airline pilot, 33 years old, town of origin Windsor**
This – male – interviewee joined British Airways at the age of eighteen and attended the Air Training College at Hamble, Nr Southampton. He now flies Tridents.
Quest: Has your job always made you attractive to women.
Pilot: I can't complain, if that's what you mean. However, I think it was much more so when I was in my twenties. I married a couple of years ago and don't really get the chance to fool around. Well, that's not true: you do get the opportunity, but perhaps now I've mellowed a bit the inclination has gone.
Quest: Why is that?
Pilot: I suppose it's because my home sex life is very good. I have no need to chase women any more. The difficulty is that I keep such irregular hours – and so does Diana (name changed). As I mentioned before you turned that thing on, Di is a stewardess on long-haul flights. The trouble is she flies from Gatwick, and I operate from Heathrow. When we both get in, we usually fall on top of each other and our love-making lasts for hours. Then, perhaps I won't see her again for two or three days. I mean people imagine us having a whale of a time sleeping round and although it's sometimes like that – I wouldn't say it was the rule. The job's like any other really. Friends have said how envious they are, but *I* never think about it, I just do it. It's like any other job, doing the same thing day after day. I think the financial perks are much better than the sexual ones.
Quest: In what way?
Pilot: Well, I was recently transferred to operate from another airport and the airline paid the solicitor's and moving expenses and gave a nice sum towards new furnishings.
Quest: Sorry, that's not what I had in mind. What sexual perks are there?
Pilot: Oh yes. The old man-in-uniform thing, isn't it?
Quest: Do you get many invitations when you're on duty?
Pilot: You're right. No, of course you don't get women throwing themselves at your feet as you stride across the lounge at Gatwick. But the chances are there. Perhaps a girl will catch your eye on a flight, but most times the opportunity seems to be generated from when people *discover* you're a pilot. I mean, for instance when you're on holiday.
Quest: You sound as though you speak from experience.
Pilot: As I've said I was more a ram in my younger days. Then, I used to be very full of myself that one day I was going to be a pilot. I gradually dropped out of my circle of friends because they thought I was getting too snotty for them. I must admit that for a while I was very cocky – and then I met Debbie.
Quest: Who was she?
Pilot: She was a girl I met during my six months on Beechcraft Barons. It was a training period and all it entailed was flying these tiny aircraft from A to B. I stayed at a hotel used by the airline at the away base and that's where I met Debbie – worst luck.
Quest: Why do you say that?
Pilot: She was the one who brought me down a peg or two or three.
Quest: How did she do that?
Pilot: The other guys had genned her up and she was quite a good laugh. She worked as a waitress in the dining room, so you can judge the type. Hell, though she had a beautiful body on her. The other guys kidded me into believing she was a bit of a goer. We'd chat a bit after dinner and, boy, I thought my luck was in. Her bottom was magnificent: it had a gorgeous apple shape to it but not in the least bit flabby. I could visualise myself attending to it.
Quest: But you were disappointed?
Pilot: We went out on two occasions and I thought I was getting somewhere, when she agreed to come back to my room. I ordered some drinks from room service and we sat down on the bed. My erection was practically bursting through my Y-fronts: we were lying there and she was twirling with my sideburns – which I really enjoy – and I went to place my hand on her boobs when she calmly got up, put her coat on and said that she had enjoyed herself immensely but she only screwed with First Officers, and started giggling and departed. I realised then I'd been set up.
Quest: But once you became a second officer you had better luck?
Pilot: I'd learned not to be so cocky. But over the years I gradually attracted more and more women and I had my greatest triumph when I made it with Gloria. She was terribly snooty, very upper class and was in the fashion trade. Always immaculately dressed. Anyway I met her at a party. She was engaged but the relationship was rocky. Dave, that's the chap I went with, hardly knew her but I remember saying to him how I could do nasty things to her. Dave, being Dave, waltzed up to her and made the introduction. She wasn't at all interested really, just made small talk and when she asked what I did, for some whim I told her I cleaned records at the BBC. She then started to take an interest, but I think she knew I was having her on, even though I was convincing.
Quest: And you made out with her?
Pilot: In the end. I asked her out and I think she was intrigued – and as I'm not all that unpresentable – she agreed. I made arrangements to pick her up. I went the whole way; I borrowed my brother's old Cortina and made a thing about taking her to a posh restaurant and took her to a nice, unpretentious bistro.
Quest: How did the evening progress?
Pilot: She lived in a small flat with her boyfriend and we adjourned there after dinner. But try as I might I couldn't get inside her knickers. Debbie all over again. So I decided discretion was the better part of valour and decided not to push my luck. I agreed to see her again the following night. This went on for a few days until I got the brush-off, ostensibly because her fiance was coming home from overseas.
Quest: Were you disappointed?
Pilot: Bitterly. I didn't love her – but I did lust after her. Anyway a week or so after that I got a call from her – she'd found out I'd been stringing her along and was a bit peeved, but not so, if you follow. The only reason she'd not let me fuck her before was because she thought me a bit too common. When she found out she dropped her knickers so fast.
Quest: You say that as if you are remembering it in detail.
Pilot: I couldn't forget. She was fantastic. She asked me to take her out again which I did and this time when I got back to her place, boyfriend had vanished completely. He no longer had his things there. We sat back on the settee drinking brandy and listening to music and I began running my hand up her leg and under her dress and then I came to the end of her stockings. Stockings – nobody wore stockings. I mean, do they? She shifted and started rubbing me through my trousers. I was so worked up I thought I'd come the instant I got inside her, and I wanted it to be so memorable.
Quest: It sounds like a bad start?
Pilot: She did a sort of striptease for me until she was down to her stockings and suspenders. It's the most vivid thing to this day I can remember: her bending over with her lovely bum shown off to perfection by black stockings and belt. That creamy pink bottom can still get me worked up today. The most perfect arse I've ever seen. I could have *watched* it all night and not been disappointed. Then she came over to me, unzipped me and pulled my trousers down to my ankles and just squatted on the floor and took me in her mouth. I couldn't help myself and shot in her hair, which made her start laughing. I must admit that I'm no stud – I usually go straight off to sleep afterwards – but there was no way this night. She started playing with it again and soon it was stiff again. She started undoing her stockings, but I made her keep them on and after the usual foreplay I put her on her stomach and went into her from behind. She was moaning and moaning, demanding that I fill her. She really wanted fucking and as I'd come quite soon before I was able to give her a thorough grinding.
Quest: And you succeeded only because of your position?
Pilot: Nothing surer. But it didn't last, she eventually went off with her fiance to live in Bermuda. She was a bitch, really.
Quest: And you've had other instances?
Pilot: Oh yes. But as I said it usually comes about when you're out of uniform and at parties. Then women seem to find you more attractive. Goodness knows why. And another funny thing, at one party I fancied one particular bird and started chatting her up and when she asked me what I did, I told her I was a Concorde pilot – an exaggeration I admit – she just said 'sure' and walked off. You never can tell.
Quest: Thank you.

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

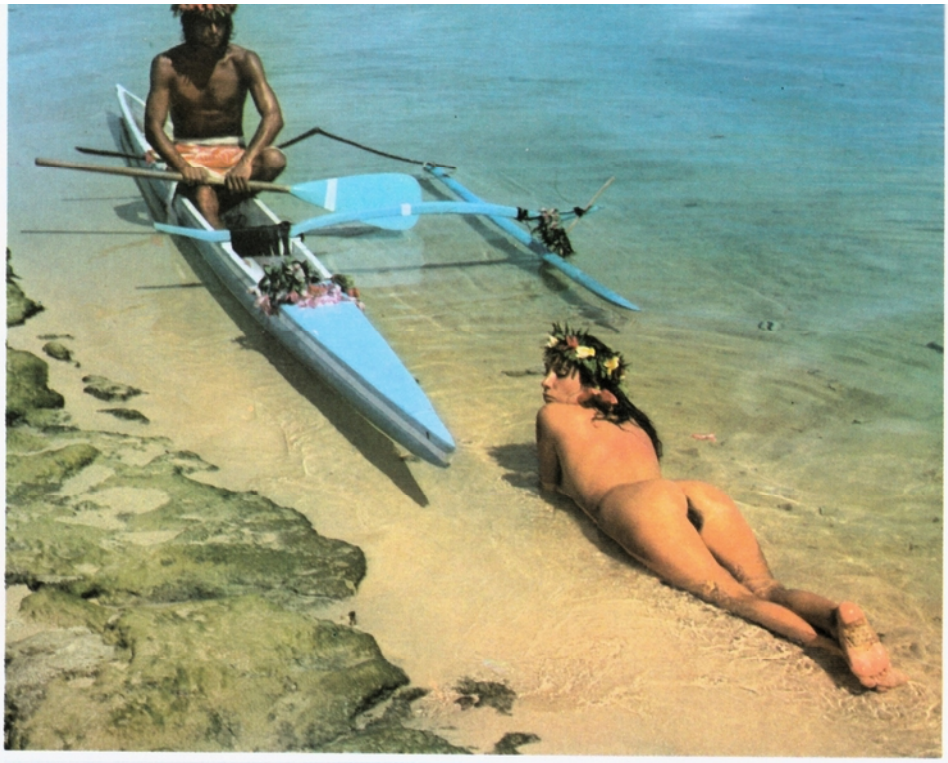
VALENTINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

The fortunate few who have enjoyed a holiday on the beautiful island of St Lucia in the Caribbean Sea may already be acquainted with Valentine's 35–23–35 curves. This divine native of the island makes it her business to meet as many visitors as she can in the hope they will buy some of her exquisite sea-shell jewellery. But before she can make any bracelets and necklaces Valentine goes in search of the sea-shells which form the basis of her raw materials. The working day starts at first light when Valentine steps into her 'overalls' – a tiny triangle of faded material which may have provided the bare minimum of cover before the sun shrank it.

Valentine then jogs the short distance to the bay where Jake is already waiting in his canoe. They climb in and Jake eases the narrow hull with its stabilizing pontoon into the gently lapping surf and off to another morning's work. While Jake guides the craft with effortless efficiency to beyond the reef, Valentine prepares their coconut breakfast, carefully saving the milk. She explains: 'I add a little castor oil to the coconut milk and work the mixture into my face and body to protect the skin from the sun and salt-water.' As she talks she takes off the tiny cloth covering which serves no useful purpose under the water, and then ties a diver's knife to her right calf. After drawing a deep breath Valentine dives into the blue sea leaving barely a ripple and once again she's in her element. Her 20-year-old limbs take her down to depths of 30 feet and beyond where she will spend up to two minutes prizing tiny shells from the rocks, and collecting the larger, more valuable oysters which each new tide washes in before she returns to the surface for more air. 'I think I should have been a fish', she muses.
'After I've been down to

the bottom twenty times I usually have enough shells to keep me busy during the afternoon', says Valentine. 'I simply string the shells into bracelets and necklaces. Some I make with small shells, some with large and others with combinations of both. I also make a bikini entirely out of shells which I wear on the beach when I sell the jewellery to the



visitors.' Valentine then recalls the time she sold her first shell bikini: 'I really only made it to wear myself, but one day I was walking along the beach and a guy from New York asked if I'd sell it to him to take back for his girlfriend. I told him it was the only one I had, but when he offered me a fantastic price for it I had no choice but to part with it. I never did believe he had a girlfriend!'

U102
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

Breaking free from their chains

continued from page 59

hardy breed, the archetype DIY enthusiasts perhaps. Accordingly they may be thought to accept happily, perhaps even eagerly, the prospect of regular removal of an evil length of black, sticky chain from the rear of the motor cycle, soaking it in paraffin, brushing it clean, hanging it up to dry, immersing it in a tin of molten grease, more hanging up and wiping off and then re-fitting it to the bike. Alternatively, it could be regarded as masochism in one of its more peculiar and less savoury forms. Unless the motor cyclist is prepared to carry out such an operation at regular intervals, buying a new chain (with occasional replacement of sprockets) was part of the fun (?) of motor cycling.

All very well, maybe, in the days of low mileages and low-powered machines. Those times also coincided with cheap but good quality chains, not to mention inexpensive spares such as the sprocket. Not any more. People who use a modern superbike for commuting or serious leisure knock up some pretty high mileages. With 100 horsepower readily on tap giving 0-60 mph acceleration times in the sub-five-second bracket there are alarming stories of chains needing re-adjustment at 1,000 mile intervals and replacement after 3,000-4,000 miles. And nowadays you can spend £100 on replacing your superbike's chain! The answer (and simultaneously an avoidance of the worst of that filth problem) is in a new breed of high-grade steel chains, where the actual metal is very slightly porous and has a lubricant contained within it. One British manufacturer guarantees its chains for 12,000 miles and charges a mere £40.

Shaft drive is so much simpler. The ends of the shaft are fully enclosed and live in lubricated surroundings. They are very slightly flexible and absorb the twisting effect of the power they transmit. They don't make thrashing noises, they don't shower oil and grit over the back tyre or the driver's leg. They don't need changing so maintenance is confined to checking the oil level in the rear hub. And now that chains are not the cheap, almost throw-away items that once they were, there is no longer an excuse for using them in deference to shaft drive.

BMW's lead in the use of shaft drive, never a monopoly, has been followed in Europe by the Italians. Their rivals in making police 'bikes, Moto-Guzzi, used their long-term experience of V-twin engines to good effect, turning the unit sideways (ie across the frame) so that, as with the BMW flat-twin, the crankshaft and drive shaft motions were in line. Another Italian, the renowned MV Agusta company, followed.

The Japanese, who make motor cycles in fantastically greater numbers than anyone else ever dreamed of doing, were cautious. Honda, the world's biggest bike manufacturers, were first in with the Gold Wing, relatively more massive (compared with current machines) than the critics of the old Sunbeam S7 would have dreamed was possible. With transverse flat-four engine layout (like the old VW Beetle, only rather more powerful) it incorporates water cooling and car-size tyres. It is one of the nearest things to a two-wheel car yet seen. Honda followed it up with the much more rational V-twin (still with water cooling) CX 500, a sweet running, flexible, quiet and civilised bike with good handling and plenty of performance, yet a sensible thirst. Still cautious, the other Japanese manufacturers hung back a little. After all, they were only just catching up with Honda's enormously successful series of four-cylinder four-stroke machines, having been pursuing the fuel-guzzling two-stroke path of design for just a little bit too long. They came up with a compromise of almost British proportions. They retained their nice new, transverse-mounted, in-line, twin-overhead camshaft, four-cylinder, four-stroke superbike engines and proceeded to mate them up with shaft drive to the back wheels. That is, they turned the sideways-mounted crankshaft motion of the engine through 90 degrees to mate up with a shaft pointing straight towards the rear. Damned clever, these Orientals!

The range is impressive. Suzuki have their well-balanced 850N, closely related to their quite recently-introduced range of overhead camshaft four-cylinder bikes. Yamaha have a three-cylinder 750 and an 1100 four. Kawasaki's 1000 ST is much like their existing Z1000 but with shaft drive and now they have the incredible Z1300 – all six cylinders of it and with water cooling, too. Fantastic machines, all of them, but if you read the publicity brochures you might not realise that shaft drive transmission was used. Suzuki did not even mention the fact in their original 850N material! The only explanation can be that the manufacturers feel that they can hardly extol the virtues of shaft drive without knocking the rest of their existing ranges which continue to use messy, expensive chains. Yet these magnificent machines could hardly have been introduced at a less opportune moment. Is this really the time for 130 mph, 30-40 miles per gallon motor cycles, some of which weigh a third of a ton, when the world (and in particular Japan) is crying out in anguish resulting from an energy crisis? In fact, Japan bans the sale of its own superbikes with engines larger than 750cc unless they're re-imported. Honda's own CX 500 and BMW's newly introduced 450 and 650 models, all capable of 100mph but 50 mpg-plus economy are much more in keeping with the times.

'Can I take it you've had a tiring day at the office?

And what about the comfort aspect? BMW are again way out in front with fairings. Initially a racing device to reduce wind resistance through stream-lining the otherwise aerodynamically messy front of a motor cycle, a fairing can also be used to channel a small amount of cooling air efficiently onto hot cylinder heads. However, in more practical terms to every-day motor cyclists, they eliminate the tiring wind buffeting induced by fast riding and to keep out the weather. Slapping a fairing onto a machine is easy. Doing so without causing serious side effects requires a much more scientific approach. Unless it is mounted correctly, a fairing can produce lethal handling problems in gusty side winds; it can reduce engine cooling, concentrate rain into a hosepipe effect, and even increase engine noise as heard by the rider.

On the other hand, a matched fairing can transform the machine for which it was designed by increasing performance and economy, and at the same time putting the rider into virtually still air, so cutting out the icy blasts or soaking misery of winter riding.

Where do motor cycles go from here? The new awareness of the possibilities, merely coincidental with the now widespread use of shaft drive, gives the world's manufacturers the opportunity to capitalise on the inherent efficiency and economy of the powered two-wheeler. The bike of the eighties should be aimed at bringing relatively inexpensive but pleasant and rapid personal transportation to the masses, all the world over. To make the best possible use of the new widely accepted principle of shaft drive it should have a purpose-designed, relatively small (around 350cc) multi-cylinder engine, perhaps a three-cylinder radial. Of necessity it has to have a framework or body on which are mounted the front and rear suspensions, the engine, fuel tank and saddle. If we accept the advantages of a windshield-cum-fairing then we should be aiming for a light, but strong, pressed steel monocoque shape to give some crash protection as well as keeping out the worst effects of the weather. Maybe it would incorporate the alleged advantages of hub-centre steering for low speed control.

Disc brakes and halogen headlamps are already here as safety features, and so are electronic ignition for reliability and light alloy wheels for improved handling. But why not detachable rims so the bike can carry a spare rim with tyre?

Today the shaft-drive superbike is the two-wheel charger for the sporting man of the seventies. Tomorrow the shaft-drive could become the norm rather than the exception, and motor cycle chains will be relegated to their rightful place – stitched to the leather jackets worn by ageing rockers.

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The room beyond

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I had embarrassed you, perhaps by what I said, perhaps by being caught looking as I did. But, if not, so much the better: I stole my little pleasure and no harm is done! Come,' he reached for my hand, 'come, I will show you my house.'

I hesitated.

'Don't be obstinate, get up!'

I got up, our hands just touching. I liked his style but was afraid. I could see he enjoyed my reticence. 'Are you afraid to come into the house of a strange man?'

I gave a little grunt meaning 'no' (which is easier in the french: 'non') but I made it almost inaudible because I was only nineteen years old and not yet dishonest.

'You are right to be afraid. I have every intention of beating you and raping you – but I promise not to do it today.'

I laughed at his little joke – the big joke being that we both by then already knew as I let him take my hand and lead me to the house.

* * *

The living room was of surprising length, furnished rather sparsely – but with a grand piano of concert size. 'Do you play?' I asked. He frowned and hesitated. No doubt he decided he would choose a later occasion to tease me for my ignorance of his fame. 'The more pertinent question is whether *you* play', he said as he began to play with me. A little later he went first to one window and then the other – fixing them wide open. The noise of tennis was across the lawn.

'That is so that you can escape when you wish.'

'Do all people shown your house have to escape?'

'Not all are as beautiful as you.'

'I do not see what that has to do with it.'

'I intend to kiss you. I make it easy for you to run. I make it easy for your friends to hear you scream.'

I was touched and excited. I enjoy a little flirtation and his imperiousness amused me. I turned my face to offer my cheek and I even stood a little on tip-toe – for he was tall. But nothing happened until I straightened and opened my eyes.

'It is I who decide,' he said as he passed his forearms over my shoulders and held my neck in the cup of his hands with thumbs pressing under my ears. He moved my head to one side and then the other as if to demonstrate that it was indeed his decision as to how I would be when it was done to me. Then, changing his grip and holding my hair behind, he pulled it down to hurt just a little so that I opened my mouth before he kissed me. The point having been made, however it was not savagely done. In fact, just a little brush of parted lips across parted lips.

'Now, come on my girl, do it properly. You were happy enough to be kissed. Do it properly.' He knew, the cunning fox, that I would not draw back then and as soon as I did start to do it properly – and I am rather good at kissing – he released my hair and used his hands for indiscretions about which I would have complained if my tongue had not already been so fulsomely engaged.

'It is a pity I promised not to do it to you today. I would like to send the others home and give you a bath and play with you.'

'Am I a doll that you would play with me?'

'I would like to think so.' He touched my cheeks and ran a finger across my lips. 'I think you should have very red lips like a doll and rouged spots on your cheeks, even, perhaps, on your bottom as well.' I blushed a little at an idea of such a private nature being declared so suddenly.

'If I like to play with dolls, my dolls, unlike yours when you were young, can at least decide not to play!' He stepped back as if to emphasize that I could run to the open windows. He smiled. 'But you are too hot to run and your friends would judge that you have not just been admiring the wallpaper. Go instead to the kitchen and bring me more lemonade.' And he directed me as to the geography of the house, and where things were kept, so that I could serve him. So it was that I was soon ascending again with the tray and a jug and two glasses. He had not moved except to sit in the best of the chairs.

'Ah, so you want some too!' He smiled. 'Do not sit down. You can sip yours as you look about this room and then I will show you the rest of the rooms.' He was watching me as I, as it were, was watching him by seeing his books, his pictures and the tiny tell-tales of domestic life. By the side of a large fireplace there was a bell-pull: a lever high up to which, in France, an embroidered pull braid would normally have been attached. André had a chain, but not a real one. Its links were of carved wood. I fingered it. 'It is for servants', he said.

* * *

When my scrutiny brought me to the only door, he joined me and led me through. I had expected a corridor but it entered directly to another room, for, as I have already told, there were three rooms at this level, each leading from the other.

It was a very curious room in that, unlike the living room, it was quite impersonal; no pictures or books on the walls, just a large mirror that seemed to increase the emptiness and a large armoire that I imagined would contain his clothes – but did in fact house pillows on a top shelf and a folded 'advantageuse' below.

'My bedroom', he said, gesturing towards the unmade bed, or, to be more precise, a bed too perfectly made for acceptance by the shy girl being shown round with, as it were, a safe-conduct pass against seduction. (I am rather good at being shy.) The bed was large and square with but a single silk sheet stretched over it. No covers. No pillows.

'Are you afraid?'

I found myself blushing a little which upset me because I wanted him to think that I could respond to his jokes with those of my own – for those with our thing can only proceed on the basis of wit: to be serious

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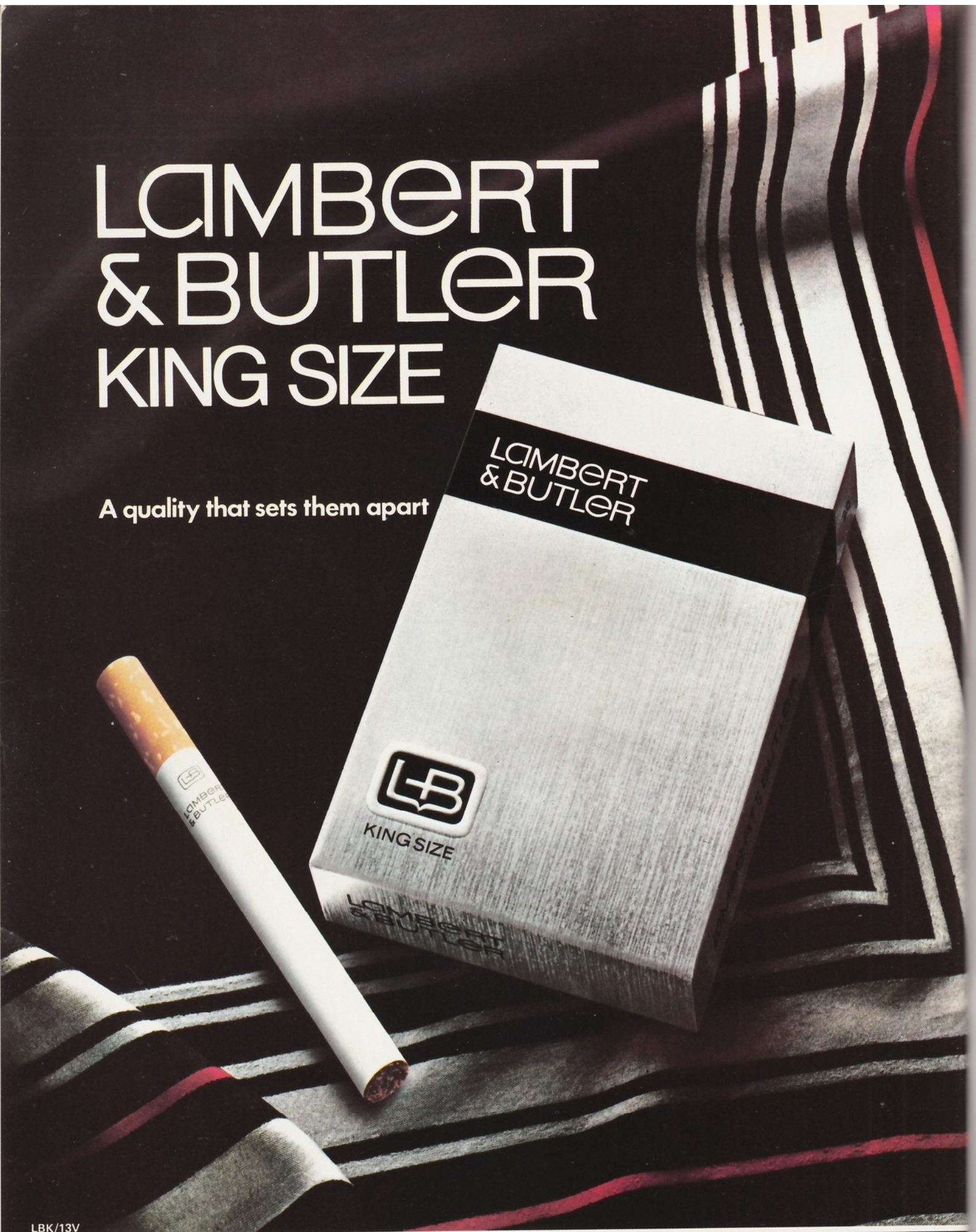

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A catholic priest, a Baptist minister and a Rabbi were discussing various methods of sharing the collections taken during services fairly between God and themselves.
The priest spoke first: 'I draw a line down the middle of the sanctuary, toss the money in the air and whatever falls on the right side of the line is for God and whatever falls on the left side I take for my upkeep.'
The Baptist minister thought he knew a better way: 'I draw a circle in the middle of the church, toss the money in the air and whatever falls inside the circle is for God, and whatever falls outside is for me.'
The Rabbi then asked the other two men of the cloth to accompany him outside whence he offered his suggestion: 'This is what I do with the money. I toss it in the air, and whatever God catches is his and whatever falls on the ground is mine.'

The three famous race horses – Red Rum, Nijinsky and Arkle – were chatting in the stables one afternoon, when Red Rum turned to Arkle and said: 'Do you know Arkle every time I've won a race I get a pain between the buttocks.'
'I don't believe it,' said Arkle, 'it's a funny thing but I was just about to tell you that every time I pass the post first I get a sharp pain up my rear end.'
'Would you believe it,' butted in Nijinsky, 'exactly the same happens to me when I win a race.'
Just at that moment a greyhound came running past, but he pulled up by the stables and said: 'I've just won another race at White City and I got a sharp pain in the bum.'
All three horses looked at each other in amazement, and Red Rum said: 'Jesus Christ, a talking dog.'

An old lady went to the police station and demanded to speak to a senior officer. 'I've been raped,' she told a constable.
'When did this incident occur?' asked the constable.
'It must have been around 40 years ago.'
'Well it's a bit late to start complaining about it now.'
'I'm not complaining. I just want to talk about it.'

A wealthy German was driving his Mercedes through London, when he noticed a bedraggled hitch-hiker thumbing a lift in the rain. Thinking it would improve his English if he chatted to a hitch-hiker the German pulled his car into the kerb. But when the hitch-hiker climbed into the car it was obvious he was not English.
'Excuse me, sir,' said the hiker in a thick Irish accent, 'would you mind explaining to me what that round thing with the three-pointed star is for on the bonnets of these Mercedes.'
'Jawohl,' replied the German with a twinkle in his eye. 'These Mercedes are so smooth that we Germans get bored, so to keep us alert we play a game knocking down pedestrians for points. The emblem on the bonnet acts as a sight – I'll demonstrate to you what I mean.'
Ahead an old man worth 20 points was hobbling across the road, so the German pretended to sight him down the bonnet. He accelerated towards him, and just as he was about to knock down the old man the German swung the wheel to the left and then to the right. But there was a sickening thud as the car hit the man.
'Donner and Blitzen!' cried the stricken German, 'I thought I'd just missed him.'
'You nearly did, sor,' replied the Irishman. 'But I got him with the door.'

Heard about the chap who went with his girlfriend in the fog and mist.

A young curate arrived at the parish from ecclesiastical college and set about the task of preparing his first sermon.
As Sunday drew near he became very apprehensive about standing up in front of a congregation, and he made his fears known to the old church warden who advised him to take several nips of the hard stuff to give him courage.
This the young curate did, but rather excessively, and he staggered up to the pulpit to deliver his sermon. Afterwards the parish priest complimented him on his delivery, but pointing out a few mistakes the priest said: 'I thought that there were only 12 apostles, not 25 and I thought there were ten commandments and not 15 and didn't David say that he would slay Goliath with a sling shot, not knock his fucking head off?'

'Look at me', boasted the old timer after he'd done 20 press-ups. 'I don't smoke, drink or chase women and tomorrow I'll celebrate my 80th birthday.'
'You will?' asked a curious onlooker. 'How?'

A small boy was having a bath with his mother, when suddenly he pointed at the crack between her legs which he had only just noticed.
'What's that mum?'
'Er, that's where Daddy accidentally hit me with the axe.'
'Good shot, eh? Got you right in the minge!'

Look waiter, I'm not blaming you
For this condom I've found in my stew
The taste is OK
But please take it away
It's not very easy to chew

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

We went camping last weekend and I got up at dawn to pick mushrooms. A girl from a nearby tent was in the field in her shortie nightie and didn't seem to care that I was seeing her like that. Every time she bent down to pick a mushroom I realised that I was a natural 'early riser'.

Excerpt from a letter to 'Mayfair'.

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Toshiba's newest music centre has a completely unique appearance. It's made up of a *casseiver* (cassette-receiver) and a detachable turntable (SR-F225).You can place the turntable on top or next to the system, or stack it in the attractive optional wooden rack.

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The room beyond

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would indeed be serious. My joke (or his joke?) was to see that the bed could not be slept in; that an ordinary bed can be used for two things – and this could only be used for one. So I blushed – just a little.

'Do not blush at your secret thoughts, my love, share them with me! I have made my promise for today so that you can laugh. Tomorrow I will *make* you blush. Tomorrow I will *order* you to blush – when I strip you naked. I know why you blush but do not pretend that you have not thought before of beds as the furniture of love.'

'But the pillows . . . ?'

'Pillows!' He opened the door of the armoire. 'You want these?' throwing four silk covered pillows across the room, 'or this!' as he placed a black leather bolster, fat and rounded, very exactly central to the silk sheet.

I smiled, glad that the blush was fading and anxious to appear just a little worldly. Dominant men do not like the responsibility of virgins and at nineteen one is rather anxious to let one's great experience in these matters be known.

'I am better equipped than you know.'

He had come to stand beside me and had placed his right hand under my short skirt to caress me. 'That,' he said, pointing to the bolster, 'is for raising bottoms; next door I have a device for bending them.'

'Next door?'

'In the next room', he explained, and urged me across to the opposite door with a saucy smack on my underside. I was reminded of secret dreams and even before I entered the room, or knew what it contained – or what it was called – I had begun to play what was our game, with my slavishness responding to his sternness. Abjectly and deliciously frightened, with head lowered and without hint of smile, I conjured up and savoured the imagery of the slave girl approaching the bedchamber of a lusty cruel master. I am rather good at acting.

'It is the punishment room,' he said, no doubt intending to explain the extraordinary piece of central furniture.

I began to blush again at the word 'punishment', but I was no longer the pretended worldly girl and it did not matter. The blush was for the word: it was the signal that I had been found out.

'It is for whipping servants.'

'Do you have servants?'

'It was you who fetched my drink! Today you do as I say in such matters. Tomorrow you will do exactly what I say in other matters. It will be your choice to come, for you needn't come, but you will, and once you *have* come you will have no other choices – except to go: for you will not be my prisoner by means of locks and ropes. You will be my prisoner because you want to be!'

He was speaking softly now. 'You want to bend to me. Well, bend now. I will keep my bargain for today; but bend now!' And he led me to the whipping saddle so that the

turn to page 132

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The room beyond

continued from page 130

padded blade of it, of tooled leather, passed between my thighs and then, after lifting my skirt, he eased me forward until my tummy was on the wide part so that I would know before I left that it was designed to pleasure me.

'You will be obedient tomorrow, will you not? It will be a pity to have to beat you, will it not?'

They were questions that expected no answer. He caressed my bottom while giving me the most exact instructions as to what I should wear and as to what time I should descend to meet the car he would send for me.

* * *

Three times that night I got up and looked at myself in the mirror and for the last occasion I forced myself into my old school tennis shorts and looked again – at my bum, as my Herbert used to call it. I am rather narcissistic.

When I departed at the exact time the next morning I wore a long mackintosh coat to hide these same shorts from my mother and to preserve them, as it were, for him who had ordered them. To explain the white socks and soft shoes, I carried my tennis racket as a deceitful emblem for the exercise to which my youthful body was to be put. It was thus that I arrived.

When he opened the door he just looked at his watch without smiling. I did not smile either because I knew the game although I had never played it before. Only afterwards, while enjoying the dalliance in the middle room were we to laugh and make fun of our own silliness and to enjoy thinking of other ways to play. I am rather good at the game. I was taught by this man.

'You know why I've had you brought here?'

'Yes.' I was only to say 'yes' or 'no': or, to be more precise, 'oui' or 'non,' for in this at least I must revert to my native tongue because only in the French can these two meanings be lent a true submissive quality. The 's' of 'yes' is too arrogant; the 'o' of 'no' is too emphatic. In the French the little necessary difference in the intonation of the grunt can be made without moving the lips. I have practised in the mirror. It can be very prettily submissive when the lips are a little parted below lowered fluttering eyelashes on a head that is slightly bowed forward.

I began to remove my coat.

'I did not tell you to strip.' I stopped, bewildered for one moment.

'Take your shoes off!' I did. 'Take your socks off!'

'Stand on my table!' For we were then in his dining room which was also the entrance hall. It was a big oak table, heavy and medieval, and with me upon it I was above him so that my downcast eyes could see that he had removed his shirt and was bare-chested.

'Now take off your coat while I put on my gloves.'

It was fantastically exciting. He did not look at me as I took off the mackintosh to show him the long nakedness of my legs and the shorts that were so specially for him. They, the shorts, were level with his eyes, but he looked down and calmly fitted himself, the one hand after the other, with a pair of soft black leather gloves. Some things one cannot explain. Herbert understood about gloves, but I would not dare suggest gloves to Rupert. He, Rupert, likes to give a good beating followed by sex – but nothing kinky.

'Bare your breasts!'

I removed my shirt and my brassiere, being interrupted by him as I fumbled. 'Be quick girl. You must do what I say immediately.'

It was of course totally unfair, for I had understood already that promptness was a part of slavishness and, as if to underline that his urgency was solely for my discipline, he then deliberately delayed, doing nothing as I stood to attention while he stared at me.

Later he made me turn round on the table and he felt me. And later still, after a little time, he ordered me to take up postures, the one after the other, as a form of gymnastics for his private amusement: bending, straddling and kneeling on the table top, then lying on my front and then, lastly, standing in front of him so that he could kiss me. He held my hair behind my head as he had before.

'You are to go upstairs now.' And he released me.

'Go on!' I was confused. I had expected to

turn to page 134

They're low tar with taste

LOW TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

THE BIG NEWS

Next month's *Mayfair* will be our biggest issue ever – a 200-page Christmas special. It costs £1.25 and is packed with gorgeous girls and fascinating features plus our 15-page Girls of the Year review. It hits the bookstands on November 14th – don't miss it. The January issue, of course, will be back to the regular monthly price of 75p.

The room beyond

continued from page 132

be taken, to be led, perhaps even to be imperiously dragged, but he just stood there until I understood that I was to precede him and wait for him.

Three steps led to a landing and then, off to the left, the main flight led upwards to open into the living room. I was told to stop when on the landing and he came and stood with me again, holding me from behind and aiming me at the steps.

'Up you go,' he ordered, encouraging me – as you would expect – with a playful slap.

I am very conscious of my bottom. I always am. I am rather erogenous there. But on this occasion it was the more so because I knew how beautiful I must have looked to him behind me. All parts of me were naked except for my bottom, which was in the grip of the little shorts.

But again, just before I had reached the top he called and ordered me back to him so that my ascent should be repeated. In the preparation this time he undid my bows so that my hair fell about my shoulders to allow him to lift it forward and part it about my neck. In this way, somehow made the more naked from behind, I was finally allowed to complete my climb. He came a little later. He had taken his shoes off and was silent and I was therefore a little shaken when he was suddenly at my side.

'Why are you here?'

'Are you being obstinate?' Get along with you!' And, almost running now, on tip-toe, I went round the edge of the room, clear of him, to the bedroom door. Inside I had my special feeling in full measure: lust and fear together, playfully tickling me.

He followed me into the bedroom.

'Who told you to stop here? Get into the next room: I shall prepare you there.'

I moved towards the room beyond and opened the door. The saddle was still central. I glanced back. He was by the bed smoothing out a crease in the sheet.

'I may bring you back in here afterwards.'

I was pleased and encouraged and, imagining myself there on that sheet – for I am rather vain – I was tempted to dispense with the astringent fore-play befitting to my kind and offer myself on the bed in that moment. But he sensed my thought and barked at me without looking up 'Get into the next room you randy bitch!'

I was in front of the saddle now looking at the tennis court when I heard the unbuckling of his belt and the quiet tread of his feet as he came through. I was mad with the fear-lust but I dare not look round because I expected him to want to come up behind me and command me in stern whispers and touch me and bend me. 'I may bring you back here afterwards,' he had said and perhaps he would encourage me again.

Instead there was a noise like a pistol shot as he slammed the heavy door with all his strength. Such is my nature I enjoyed the brief moment of assassination but my hands went to my bottom rather than my heart. (Later, he was to steal my heart in passing – as was *his* nature – but I was not to be allowed to think of that then).

'Get over the saddle!'

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MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
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LETTERS

continued from page 20

and child portraits, I shot one session much more to my liking. I had to go down to a beach to photograph an aspiring local actress, who later became known as a quiz-show hostess, wading into the sea in a white evening gown, then stripping off and rolling around in the surf. Unfortunately her boyfriend, who had hired me, also came along to supervise.

But I'm really writing to do a little boasting. Last month my wife, Sandra, a gorgeous 26-year-old brunette, and I went up to Norfolk for the weekend to visit an ex-schoolfriend of hers.

On Saturday afternoon I drove into Cromer on business and arrived back to find that Sandra, Maggie, the friend, and her teenage sister Tammy had gone to the nearby beach for a picnic. As it wasn't far I followed, taking my new binoculars in case I saw any shipping.

However, from the dunes behind the beach I saw the girls fooling about by the water's edge and decided to take cover and watch.

The glasses showed me that Sandra, wearing a yellow sundress and Tammy, in thigh-slit grey dress and black tights, were paddling and encouraging Maggie to join them. When she refused they grabbed her and pulled her in, soaking her jeans to the knees. She retaliated by pushing Tammy into deeper water where they both lost their balance and went right under.

When they surfaced Tammy's dress was round her hips and clinging like paint, and Maggie's white halter-top was completely transparent; neither sister was wearing a bra.

Giggling like schoolkids they waded after Sandra, who didn't seem to be trying very hard to get away, and dunked her too. When she surfaced, spluttering with her dress see-through over brief bra and panties, they grabbed her and pushed her down again. She dragged Tammy with her, Maggie dived after them and a struggle took place.

They waded ashore, still laughing and fooling around like children.

Maggie was topless, carrying her halter in her hand, and Sandra's dress and undies were as see-through as cellophane, while Tammy's dress fitted like a second skin.

They made their way back to their picnic stuff, and Maggie picked up a towel and started drying her hair.

My wife looked around, then peeled off her dress and bra, after hesitating briefly, and lay down wearing just transparent knickers.

Tammy followed her example and stripped to her pants, and, after some encouragement, Maggie shed her jeans. They sunbathed for ten or fifteen minutes then they began to gather up their stuff.

Not wishing to be discovered, I hurried back to the cottage and when the girls arrived, respectably wrapped in beach towels, they found me occupying the bathroom.

But the incident wasn't over. After dinner Maggie drove Tammy into Norwich to catch a train while I settled down to go over some papers. Then Sandra came in wearing a dressing gown and asked me how I'd enjoyed their show on the beach. I admitted that I'd loved it and asked how she'd known I was watching. She said she'd been picking up dirty washing and the sand on my jeans had tipped her off, along with the fact that I'd left my binoculars in the bathroom.

I asked if she'd minded, but she said no, and that knowing my taste for wet women she expected to reap the benefit when we went to bed.

Then she glanced at her watch. 'Maggie won't be back for hours yet,' she said, 'so I think I'll take a bath. Want to watch?' I followed her into the bathroom and waited while she ran a bath, wondering just what she had in mind. Then she slipped off her dressing gown, revealing underneath a white cheesecloth blouse, grey skirt and black nylons. She stepped into the bath and lay down, her clothes becoming transparent and revealing that underneath she wore only a suspender belt. Then she soaped herself thoroughly all over, inside and outside her clothes, before slowly stripping off until she wore just nylons. There wasn't room for me in the bath so I pulled her out and had her.

We screwed four times that

turn to page 138

ree Fives
rdinary taste

from State Express of London.

Tables H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
AN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

LETTERS

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night, twice in the bathroom and twice more after we'd retired to bed. It was just about the best night of our three years of marriage. I just hope Maggie wasn't too upset by the mess we'd left in her bathroom. I wonder if Sandra ever told her I'd watched their romp in the sea?
R S, Sudbury

I like reading your magazine because of your occasional coverage of spanking.
My wife likes it too. She likes to dress up as a schoolgirl and I pretend I'm her headmaster punishing her for not doing her homework. She lays face down on the bed, with a couple of cushions underneath her middle so that her rounded bottom is being offered as if she is asking for it. Then I just slap her legs between her knickers and the top of her stockings. She then swears at me, which makes me really mad. So I pull her gym-slip up and give her bottom half a dozen slaps.
She must like it as well, because we've been married two years and I first spanked her before we were engaged.
A G, Notts

It is some time since you have featured the subject of bondage either in correspondence or articles. Is that because you do not think it would be of interest to your readers? Or is there perhaps a more sinister reason: that while you may feature as much nudity as you like and describe intercourse in vivid terms, as soon as you introduce bondage local busybodies cry out 'indecency'? If that is the case I hope you will publish this letter in refutation of that idea. Why do so many people mix up bondage with sadism? The two are miles apart. Sadists get their pleasure from hurting people, bondage buffs do not want to harm their partners at all.
Certainly they want to render them helpless, completely immobile, but the idea then is to tease and tantalise them, to caress them until they build up tremendous orgasms, then release them from their fetters for more love-making.
It makes a splendid variation in love-making. There is another aspect which is seldom mentioned but to me it is of major importance. That is the element of trust involved. I regard it as a great compliment and a marvellous demonstration of her love for me when my partner trusts me enough to allow me to tie her up and so put herself completely at my mercy. What is indecent about that?
If any couples reading this have not tried bondage they might be most pleasantly surprised if they do.
P B, Salisbury

I have just had a most exciting and exhilarating sexual encounter which I feel should be shared with your readers.
I am a clerk in the medical records office of a large Midlands hospital, and in the late afternoon one day was asked to go to one of the surgical wards to witness a will for one of the patients. The sister on the ward was in her mid-twenties and a truly delightful, sensual person in every way. There are few men in the hospital who don't fancy her. She has a delightful personality, is pretty, humorous and presents most devastating physical attributes beneath her button-through nursing uniform.
She has well-shaped legs, long and leading to a small, tight bottom, very slender waist and the most awe-inspiring breasts I have ever seen – not just large but apparently beautifully shaped, well cupped and firm. She has long black hair and a wonderful complexion with large blue eyes.
As is normal practice I presented myself at her office before going on to the ward. She seemed delighted to see me and asked me to call into the off-duty room before going back to my office, because she wanted some advice.
Each ward has an off-duty room which is used by staff for coffee breaks etc. They often double as an examination room for simple procedures.
I witnessed the will with another member of staff and then made my way to the off-duty room. Sister was alone. She offered me a cup of coffee, at the same time shutting the door very firmly. I noticed that there was a yale lock on it. I also noticed that two or three buttons on her uniform dress

turn to page 142

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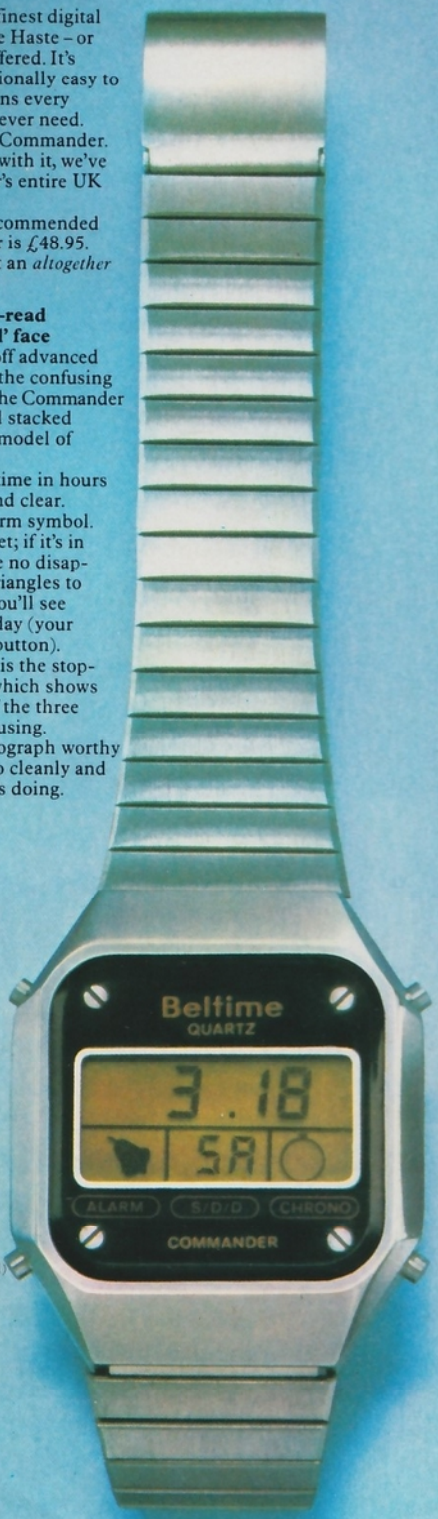
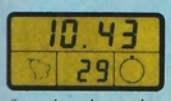
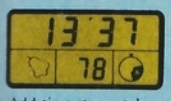


Hours, minutes, day of the week



Seconds or date at the touch of a button

Split-time stopwatch (minutes, seconds, hundredths of a second)



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Minutes
Seconds
Date
Weekday
Night light
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Automatic calendar

Alarm
Hours/minutes
Activate/de-activate
Automatic buzzer stop
Automatic roll-over

Stopwatch
Hours
Minutes
Seconds
Hundredths of seconds
Split-time mode
Intermediate multiple time readings
End of event stop (totalizer)
Add-time mode
Instant stop
Instant re-start
Multiple accumulative timing
Lap-time mode
True lap timing
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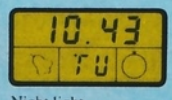
Alarm on

Alarm time

Alarm off



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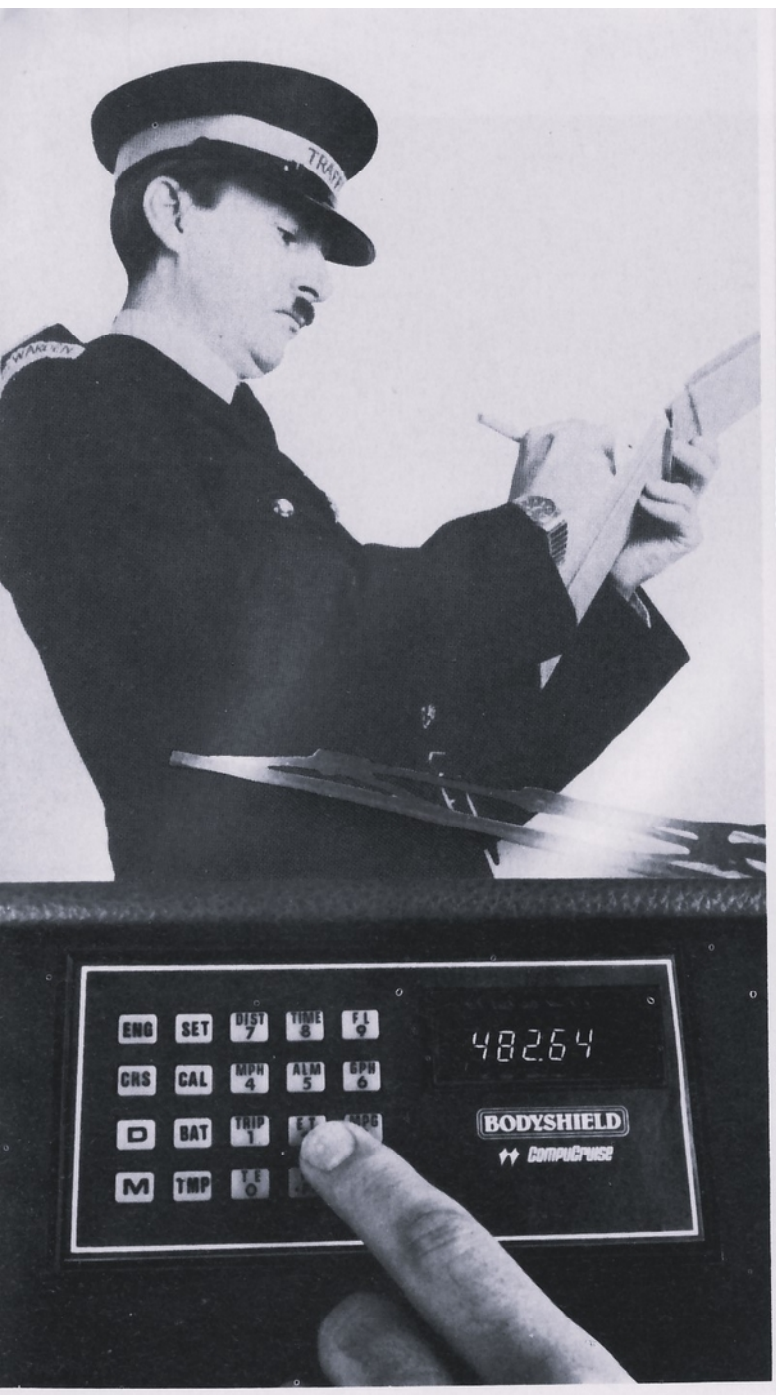

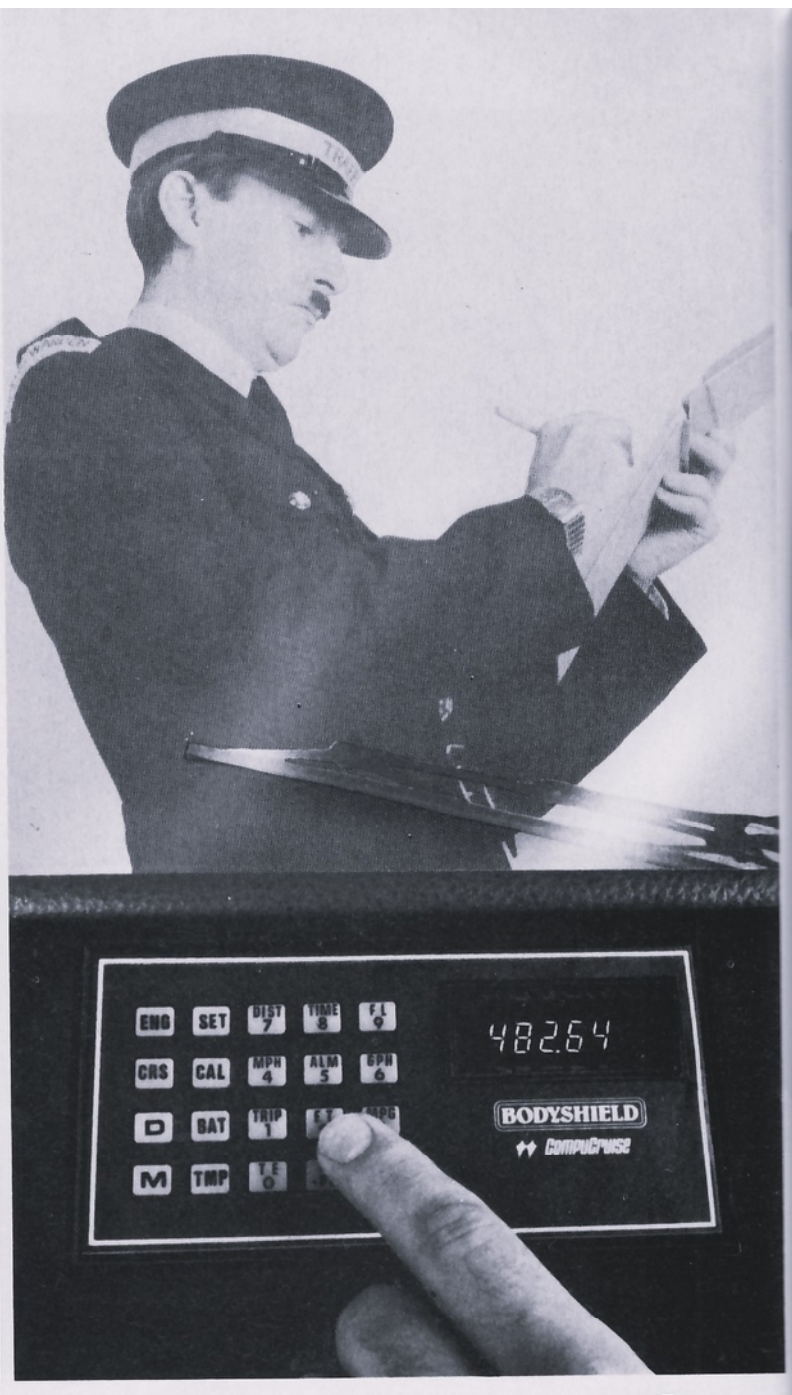

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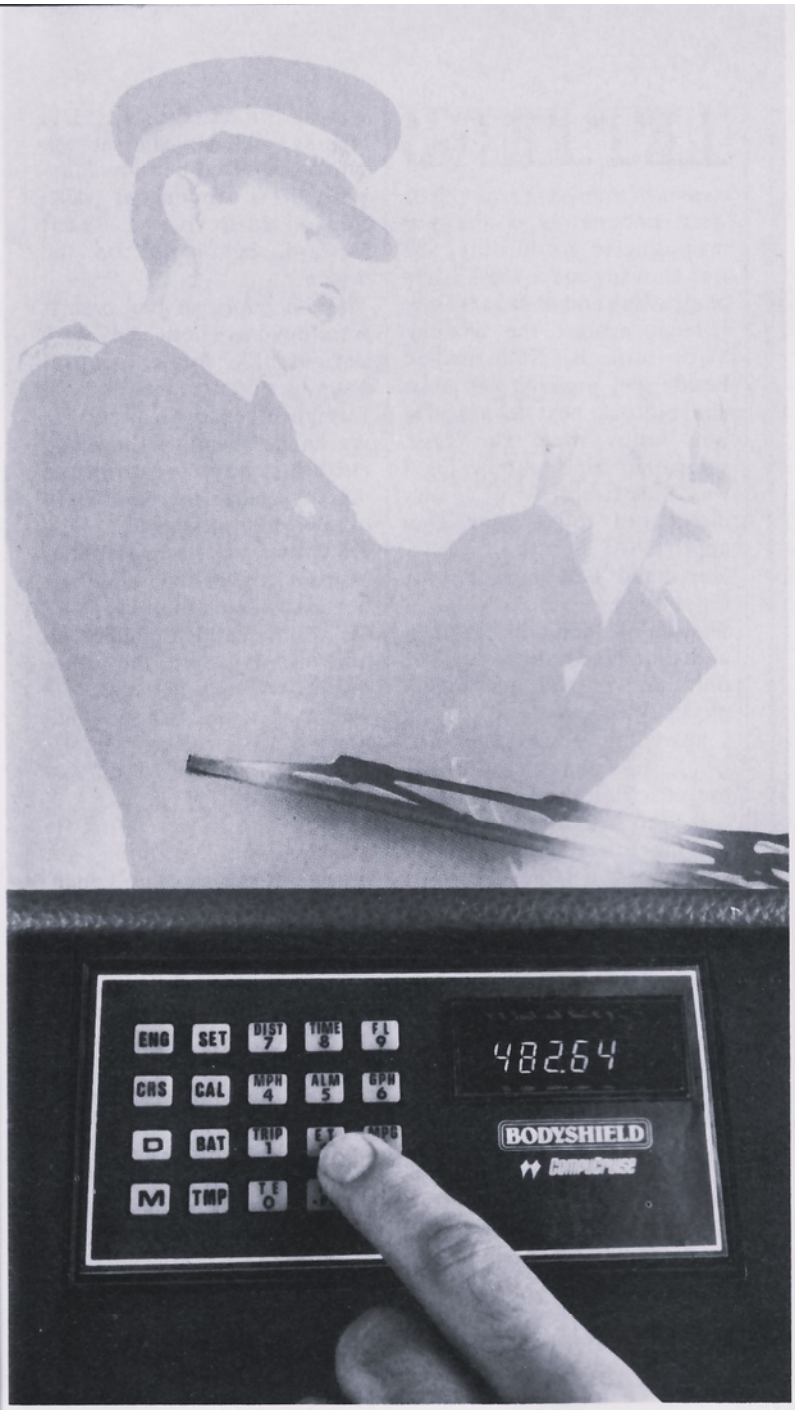

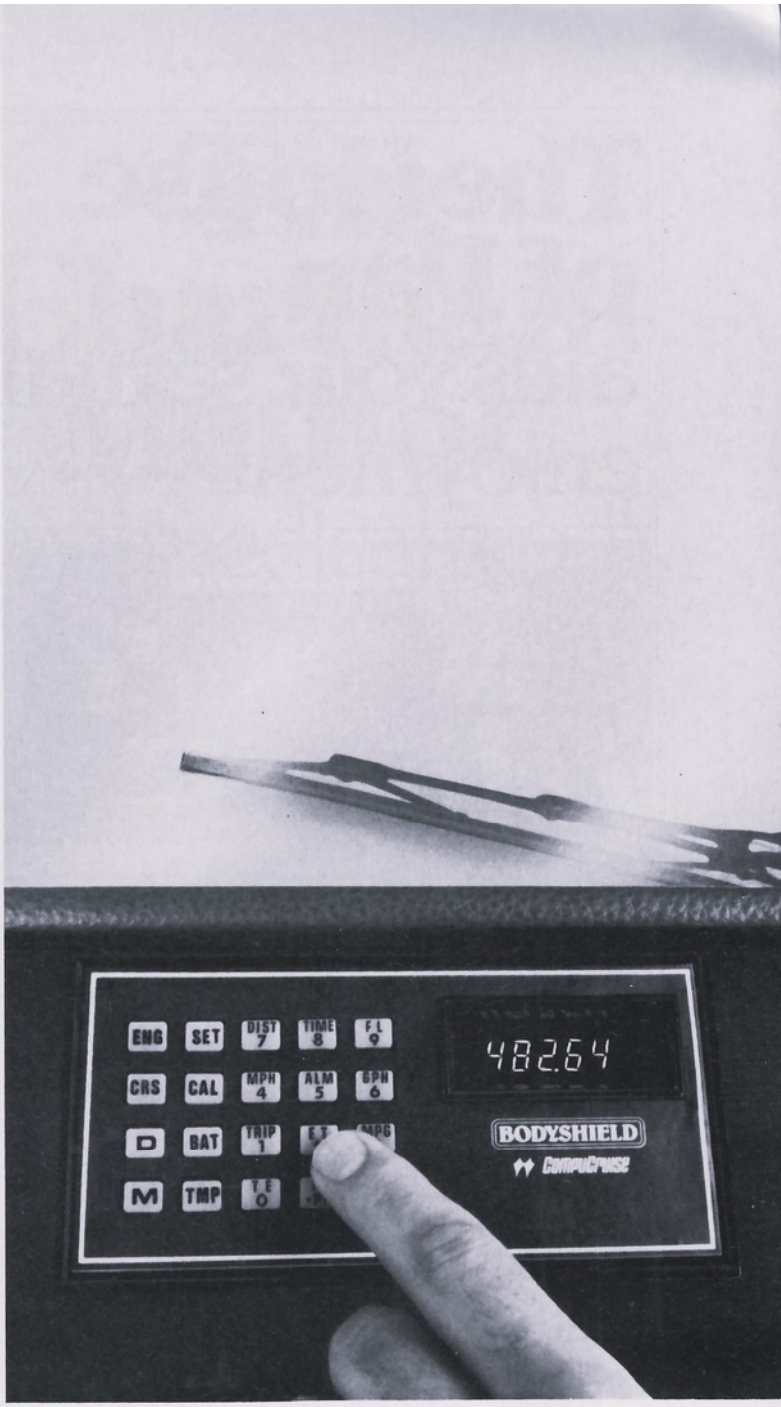

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LETTERS

continued from page 138

were undone as if she was proposing to go off duty. She was showing more than a hint of cleavage and of lower thigh.

I leant against the examination couch. She moved beside me, pressing her thigh and buttock next to me. 'Do you fancy me?' she said, sliding her hand onto my leg. I was surprised by her very direct but refreshingly cool approach.

Her hand was now on my inner thigh.

She didn't need an answer, and didn't wait for one. The only answer she got was a physical one.

I moved in front of her and gently slid open the rest of her buttons while her hands continued to stroke me, gradually moving towards my penis. I don't boast a large one but I can sustain fairly good control in both giving and getting satisfaction.

She was obviously prepared for me, being conscious, no doubt, of the time factor.

She had on a very sensuous black lace bra, low-cut and revealing what I was now able to confirm as extremely voluptuous and pendulous breasts.

Her huge areolae peeped out from the side of the lace and her nipples poked prim and erect through the lower cups.

She had very scanty black panties which were little more than a G-string and which I soon found out fastened at the side.

What a heavenly blessing such modern fastenings are to quick sexual encounters. I slid my hand beneath her open frock uniform and around her back, manipulating her bra hooks whilst kissing her passionately, our tongues fighting for access.

She slid my trousers down and my Y-fronts were expertly lifted over my now fully erect cock. Her hands fondled my buttocks gracefully but with firm pressure whilst my hands moved gently down her back and on to her tight little arse, inside her panties, releasing the fastenings as they did so.

I felt for the first time her warm, thick bush against the tip of my penis and quietly titillated her clitoris with slight circular movements.

I moved her round to face the couch, which she was still leaning against, and at the same time lifted her now fully-open dress around her waist. She instinctively leant forward, her hands on the couch.

The full glory of her breasts were now revealed. They were delightfully huge, nipples pointing slightly upwards.

I weighed her lovely breasts in my hands, fondling them and rubbing her pronounced nipples against the washboard of my clenched fingers.

Her whole body quivered, her bottom tightened and she began to moan quietly.

One of my hands remained on her breasts while the other moved between her legs. She was excited and warm. I felt her with searching fingers, while she sighed with increasing pleasure.

She arched her bottom towards me, swinging her breasts lower to the couch. I eased into her and gently pressed forward. With gentle rhythm I eased in and out, at the same time bringing her to the point of climax with my index finger.

Then I moved both hands back to her breasts, rolling them together.

I pulled her hard to me now as I stroked in and out, first with long slow strokes and then, as I increased speed, with urging shorter quicker ones.

She was able to enjoy climax while maintaining it for my final triumphal ejaculation. She gasped, and began to gyrate her bottom. My hands slid to her hips, gripping her harder to me. I felt the wonderful warm glow beginning to mount.

She was now groaning, her whole body quivering and her arse jumping involuntary. With a final thrust I ejaculated into her. I pulsated with pleasure while she had a full climax.

I withdrew. She turned and kissed me softly on the lips.

Within minutes we had resumed drinking our coffee. A chance encounter? Only tomorrow will tell, when we go out to dinner.

(Name and address withheld)

An interesting letter but perhaps to our experienced eyes more literary then literal

I must tell you about the most staggering experience I have

turn to page 144

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LETTERS

continued from page 142

had here in Algeria, where I came two years ago to work as an electrical engineer.

I was sent to a smallish town where I found a flat on the first floor with a balcony. One evening I was taking the sun on my balcony when I saw somebody at a higher floor across the street. Behind a tulle curtain she had a very transparent gown or night-dress through which I could see wonderful breasts.

She was not slim as we call it in Europe, but not fat, just full; and she had the most wonderful hips I have ever seen.

She let me look at her for a good 20 minutes then she retired. The same thing went on the next evening. A few days later, after I had said I needed a woman to clean and cook for me, I was not surprised to see a veiled woman ring my doorbell.

But when I closed the door on her and she took the veil away I saw she was my beautiful neighbour. Ten seconds later we were in each other's arms and her hand was on my zip.

As I know that Arab males are big boasters but bad lovers, I took her to my bed where I gave her a long licking which made her cry and shriek. Then she went down between my legs and did the same to me. Now it was very urgent. She knew a lot of other ploys besides cooking and cleaning and I was very happy with her for three months. She was around 35–40 years old, living alone and looking after her children which she didn't mention much. She didn't like native males. I soon learned that her eldest daughter, married at 16 to a young man who went to work in Europe, was more or less 'forgotten' by her husband. One day she came to my home to see her mother. She was a very beautiful girl.

The inevitable happened. She came back one day when her mother was not there and we had a most magnificent fuck.

I was annoyed because I didn't know what her mother would think and I didn't want to hurt her feelings as I loved her. But some days later I learned that she had organised everything as she felt sorry for her daughter being so frustrated.

But everything had a happy ending some months later. My brother, who is 10 years younger than me, came to stay with me. He met the girl, fell in love and took her to France with him. I have heard from my mother that they are very happy together.

I would recommend any horny man to marry an Arab woman. They are not very intellectual but love to have a nice house, cook and make their man happy in bed. And they know who the master is.

Marcel V, Algiers

It's been truly fantastic to see the lovely Joanne Latham in *Mayfair*.

But it was also a little disappointing as we were not able to see enough of her, unlike the other girls who appeared in the magazine. However the photographs were really good, some of the best we have seen. The only thing we'd like to see her wearing is a beautiful smile.

J Thompson, Hove

I think you wasted your valuable pages in Vol 14 No 7.

Has Joanne Latham not got a cunt or does she not want anyone to see it for some reason?

The rest of the magazine is just great, and please give us more models from the newspapers.

G Heywood, Preston

Thank you very much for the free cigar offer in Vol 14 No 8. It made your great magazine even better value, and I really enjoyed puffing away on them while I thumbed through my back issues of *Mayfair*. Well done.

I would also like to suggest that you feature more girls with small breasts.

(Name and address withheld)

I have heard the term muff-diving, but a story I saw in the *Express and Star* while on holiday in Prestatyn, North Wales gave it an entirely different meaning.

The story was about divers searching an 18th century wreck off Dorset and it actually said: 'Divers . . . . believe the vessel was the 90 ft long Fanny, which was on its way to London when it sank.'

M G, Salford, Lancs

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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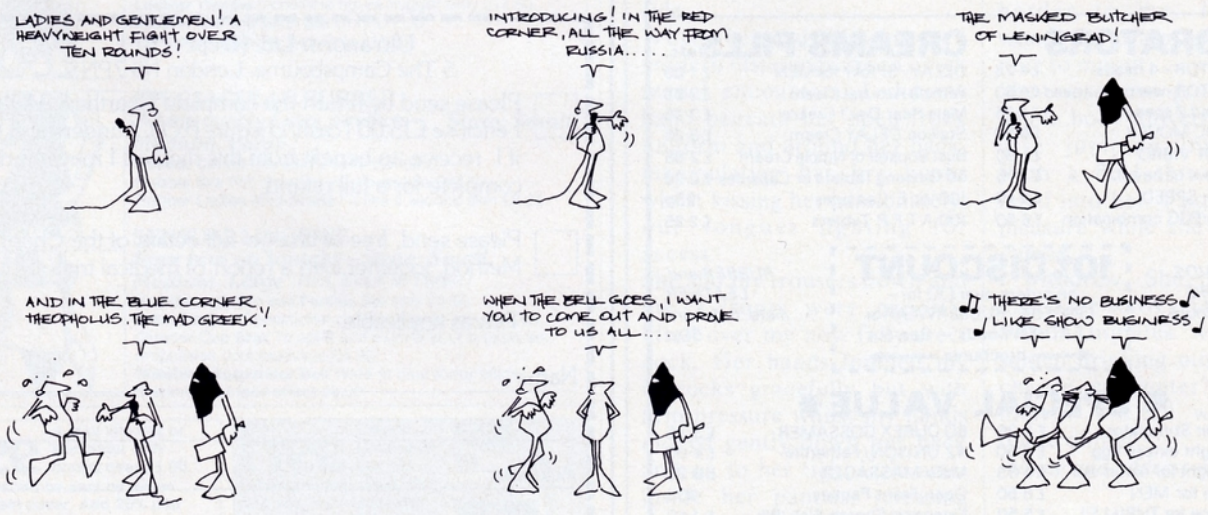

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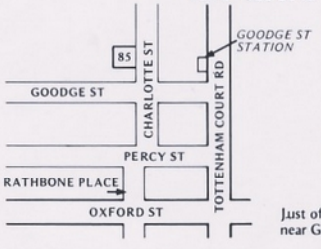

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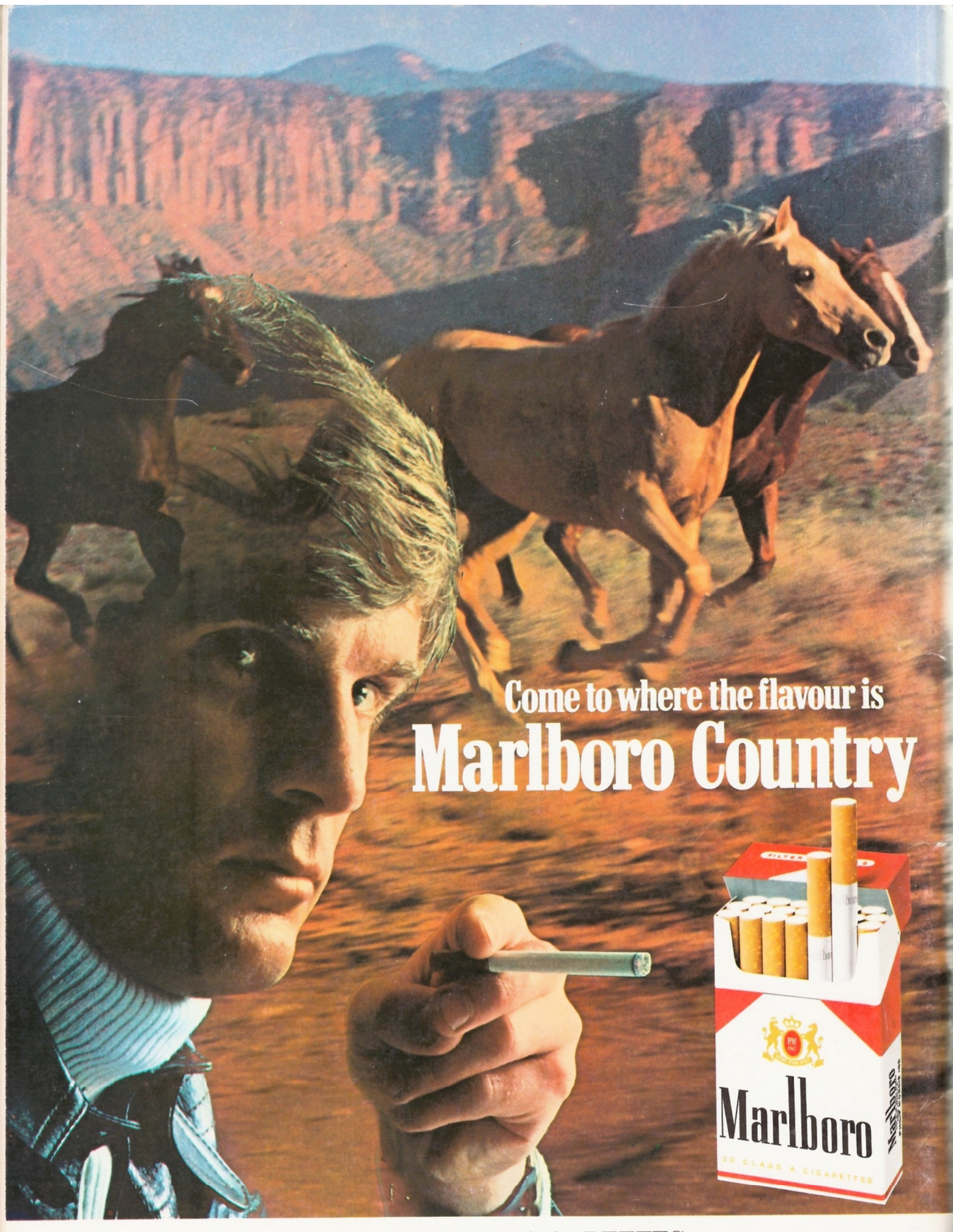

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